

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

August 2, 1961

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The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1-



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WHO IS SHE?

see page 3

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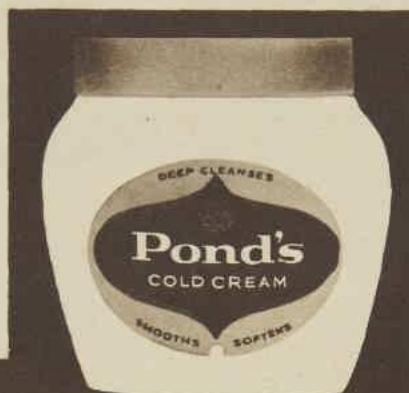
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AUGUST 2, 1961

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Famous British author H. E. Bates is rather like the elderly man in his short story "Where The Cloud Breaks" (page 25).

HE has no time for "new-fangled inventions," such as typewriters or central heating.

He writes by hand in the summer-house of his lovely old home in the Kent village of Little Chart.

In summer, he enjoys the sun. In winter, he sits wrapped up in a rug with a couple of hot-water bottles on his knees.

He and his wife, Marjorie, have lived in Little Chart for 25 years.

Mr. Bates—now in his fifties—devotes only about four hours a day to writing.

He says, "Writing is just about the nicest creative thing, and we writers are the only free people left."

"Nobody can force us to write and nobody says we mustn't work more or less than a certain number of hours."

MRS. IRIS COONEY, of Goolma, N.S.W., has written to say that the color pictures we published of "Homeden," the former Nicholas home in Toorak, Victoria, were for her a flashback to the past.

Mrs. Cooney stayed at "Homeden" when it was a hostel for servicewomen during World War II.

Our cover

● Do you think she looks like Grace Kelly? Many people do. She's Australian model Heather Johns (story, opposite page). Cover picture and the pictures on page 3 by Vic Grimmett.

She wrote: "The ferneries and gardens were indeed lovely, but perhaps the swimming-pool was the girls' greatest pride and joy."

"Any visitors were taken to admire this luxury pool with its rockery walls and palms."

"The billiard-room was our dining-room and the fireplace glimpsed in your photograph blazed with many a fire on those cold Melbourne evenings during the war."

ON pages 37, 38 we republish our Handbag Calorie Counter — one of the most popular features we have ever printed.

Since the counter first appeared in August, 1958, we have had hundreds of requests from women — and men — for copies of it.

To keep a calorie check on your food, pull the page from the paper, fold it, and keep it in your handbag or pocket for a quick reference.

NEXT WEEK: The Queen's Jewels — five pages of superb color pictures of the world's most fabulous jewel collection . . . Variety in Spring Shapes — the Paris designs that are setting the fashion for the Australian spring.

HEATHER IS THEIR GRACE KELLY GIRL

● In Nice, on the French Riviera, they called her "Grace Kelly's young sister." In Adelaide, fashion buyers call her their "Grace Kelly girl." She's 21-year-old Australian model Heather Johns.



RIGHT, it could be Grace Kelly shopping in Capri—but it's Heather Johns in Adelaide. Below, she's the complete sophisticate. Like Grace?



HHEATHER JOHNS, who lives with her grandmother in Prospect, S.A., is honey-blond like Grace Kelly. She's 5ft. 6½in. tall—Grace is 5ft. 6in. Heather weighs a lean 119lb. Film star Grace was 118lb.—Princess Grace is heavier.

Last year Heather, abroad with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johns, of Port Moresby, was shopping in Nice when a stranger, a Frenchman, asked her to model for a cosmetics demonstration.

Heather sat patiently through the demonstration, scarcely understanding a word that was said.

The Frenchman told her: "They are saying you are Grace Kelly's young sister just arrived from America, that you are on your way to Monaco."

Back in Adelaide, Heather began a modelling course, and soon became the "Grace Kelly Girl."

"I don't think I look a bit like Grace Kelly," she says, "but a lot of people seem to think so."

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Dairy contest section winners

● This week we announce the section winners in our Dairy Foods Recipe Contest, cash prizes for which will total £3005. The Grand Champion, who will win £2000, will not be announced until October — during the National Festival of Dairy Foods.

THE contest has been conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the National Festival of Dairy Foods.

The three £200 section prizes were won by three housewives — from Penang Island, Malaya; from Springwood, New South Wales; and from Townsville, Queensland.

Here are the section awards:

SECTION 1 —

LUNCH MENU:

First Prize £200 — Mrs. Elaine Fredericks, Penang Island, Malaya.

Second Prize £75 — Mrs. Jean Seath, Moreland, Vic.

Third Prize £25 — Mrs. C. Frankish, Annandale, N.S.W.

Fourth Prize £10 — Mrs. M. Sainsbury, Marrickville, N.S.W.

All prizewinners used one or more of these dairy products in their recipes:

- Butter
- Milk
- Cream
- Cheese.

Here is Mrs. Fredericks Lunch Menu which won Section 1:

Cheese and Kidney

Charlotte

Spiced Tutti Frutti Slice

Mrs. Fredericks adapted the first dish, but the Spiced Tutti Frutti Slice is her own creation.

"Cooking has always fascinated me," writes Mrs. Fredericks, from Penang.

"I attend classes here in Continental cookery and I hope to collect a variety of recipes to take back to Australia."

Mrs. Fredericks is a Queenslander, who for the past few months has lived on Penang Island with her husband, an armorer-fitter with the R.A.A.F. in Malaya, and 5-year-old son, Wayne.

They lived formerly at Amberley, Qld., but Mrs. Fredericks regards Townsville as her home town, as all her family live there.



MRS. E. FREDERICKS, winner of Section 1—Lunch Menu, with her Indian amah and her son, Wayne, outside their bungalow in Penang.

SECTION 2 —

DINNER MENU:

First Prize £200 — Mrs. M. Duncombe, Springwood, N.S.W.

Second Prize £75 — Mrs. L. R. Heath, Eltham, Vic.

Third Prize £25 — Mrs. M. Walker, Floreat Park, W.A.

Fourth Prize £10 — Mrs. J. Pollard, Tranmere, S.A.

Guinea-pigs

Mrs. M. Duncombe, winner of Section 2, gave this Dinner Menu:

Seafood Soup Royale

Parisienne Veal Rolls

Chocolate Chiffon Ambrosia

She said these recipes are all based on standard recipes, but she has made her own alterations to them.

Mrs. Duncombe trained in Home Economics at East Sydney Technical College, and after graduating from Sydney Teachers' College taught Home Economics at Wolloughby High School, then at Uralla, near Armidale.

Her family make good guinea-pigs for her dishes.

"But they like savory food best," she said.

Her sons, Gavin, 19, and Alan, 17, who work away from home, really enjoy their mother's cooking whenever they are home for weekends.

Mrs. Duncombe's husband is secretary-manager of the Springwood Country Golf Club, but she does not play golf.

"My main hobby and interest is cooking," she said.

A "special"

Mrs. Kathleen Sturges won Section 3 with a recipe for **Special Occasion Rainbow Cake**

She has always liked fancy baking.

She clipped her winning rainbow cake recipe from an American magazine 10 years



MRS. M. DUNCOMBE, Springwood, N.S.W., winner of Section 2—Dinner Menu.

ago and has since altered the original recipe several times to suit her family.

It contains butter, cream, and milk, and is "rather a special cake, too elaborate for school lunches," Mrs. Sturges told us.

Before her marriage to carpenter Bert Sturges 19 years ago, Mrs. Sturges taught domestic science in Charters Towers, Townsville, and Ingham. She has two daughters, Diane, 15, and Cynthia, 11.

"My husband has been in poor health for some time, and while looking after him I brushed up my interest in fancy cooking and got the idea of entering the competition. I can thank Bert for it."

Judge of the contest, Mrs.

Gwen Mackay, Director, Dairy Foods Services, Australian Dairy Produce Board, said:

"This competition has been rewarding in that the quality and vast number of entries received revealed that home cooks have an intelligent and earnest appreciation of good cooking. This was not just another recipe competition — it required skill, thought, and evidence of practical cooking ability, and is heartening evidence of the true interest which is displayed by most housewives in the importance of family welfare."

Good cooks

Leila C. Howard, our Cookery Expert, who assisted Mrs. Mackay, said:

"The excellent standard of the entries helps to confirm



MRS. K. E. STURGES, Townsville, Qld., winner of Section 3—Between-meal Snacks.

my belief that Australian housewives are good cooks, and if they will adapt overseas recipes to Australian life, then they will soon win a name for themselves in the culinary world."

Prizewinning recipes will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly at a later date.

Grand Champion

THE winner of the Grand Champion Prize of £2000 will be announced in our issue of October 11, during the National Festival of Dairy Foods.

In addition to the £2000 prize, the Grand Champion will be invited to tour Australia.

This tour will be arranged during the Festival.

The winner will visit all capitals, be presented to housewives as the "First Lady of Fine Cooking," will make guest appearances at leading hotels, restaurants, and places where fine food is appreciated.

If the winner has children, they will be offered a wonderful holiday on a dairy farm.

The Grand Champion winner will not necessarily be chosen from the section winners announced here.

The judges will recheck and test hundreds of menus and recipes before they make their final choice.



Yuri Gagarin's new conquest

● The shy, smiling young Russian who was the first human being rocketed into outer space recently made a succession of new triumphs on his goodwill visit to London. The public took him to their hearts. He was the guest of the Queen and Prince Philip at a luncheon party at Buckingham Palace, and was mobbed everywhere. Picture shows him displaying the gold medal of the British Interplanetary Society at a London Press conference. Yuri, at 27, is a major in the Soviet Air Force. His wife, Valentina, is a doctor, and they have two little daughters.

MARGARET'S MATERNITY

CLOTHES

Blue cotton

From DIANA GIBSON, in London

● Princess Margaret has ordered some of her maternity clothes from Mrs. Hetty Russell's little Baker Street shop, "Motherhood," next door to a hamburger bar.

THE dresses Margaret selected are similar to those pictured here, their prices ranging from £4/19/6 sterling (about £A6/5/-) to £5/19/6.

According to Mrs. Russell, the average well-to-do British society woman spends between £100 and £130 on her maternity wardrobe.

"Of course," she said, "not every mother-to-be spends that amount. Quite a lot of my mothers get three or four dresses to carry them through, with a skirt and tops, for less than £30."

Mrs. Russell, who opened her shop a year ago, is already running into second-baby clothes. One mother with a five-month-old baby has just been in to buy herself a new maternity trousseau.

Little dresses at "Motherhood" are slick, smart, simple, and cheap. Starting price is just over £3; some of the nicest are only £5.

I am sure it is the throw-away value of the clothes that has attracted Princess Margaret, for nothing is more boring than maternity clothes after the baby is born.

At "Motherhood" the emphasis is on cheapness and smartness.

Clothes for grand occasions may be made specially, but the majority of dresses in the little shop are Swedish and Irish, from £3 to £5.

Mrs. Russell's clientele is obviously very mixed.

Lady Carey Bassett, Lady Mary Whitely, and Polly Elwes, of TV fame, have all visited the little shop with its wickerwork stork to greet them in the doorway.

So have the much poorer girls from the streets around Paddington Station.

Princess Margaret may be getting nice maternity clothes cheap, but she is unlikely to meet other girls doing the same thing. She has not visited the shop. Mrs. Russell went to Kensington Palace with some dresses for her to choose.

Perhaps in anticipation of such a visit, a glamorous painting of a mother and child was being hung in the shop when I visited it.

But I think Princess Margaret will find more room to try things on at home. The shop is tiny and the smell of frying is overpowering.



● Simple high-waisted dress is blue drip-dry cotton designed in Sweden. The price is five guineas sterling (£A6/11/3).



● Princess Margaret on a recent visit to the Aldwych Theatre, where she and Tony saw "The Hollow Crown."

● Australian maternity fashions, pages 20 and 21.



● Floral printed cotton dress or house-coat has the new fashion line, patch pockets, and ties at the neck. Costs less than £5.



● Cotton check dress has easy pleated skirt, pretty man-tailored collar. Designed and made in Ireland. Price five guineas.



● Blue linen sleeveless summer dress has pleated skirt, banded high neck, buttons to hem, and low-slung belt. Price £4/19/6.



● Striped cotton, a version of the shirt that grew, can be worn with or without belt. This all-purpose dress costs £5/19/6.

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*cleans, cleans, cleans
best of all*



KY137

LUCILLE IS BACK

● Every woman in the United States wants to look like Jackie Kennedy, according to Lucille Rivers, our American dressmaking expert and television personality, who has arrived to start her lecture tour here.

"In New York the hairdressers are driven crazy by all the women who want a Jackie Kennedy hairdo; and they copy her dresses exactly," said Miss Rivers.

"This is something I just can't understand, because I think a woman ought to develop her own individual style. I try to influence women to adapt current fashions to suit themselves.

"I don't care if they alter a pattern, if it's better for them."

Copy or not, the loose, relaxed line Mrs. Kennedy favors — in two-piece dresses or chemises — has been the most popular fashion this summer in the States.

"And the Chanel-style suit is still a winner," said Miss Rivers.



SOMBRERO in black straw, worn by Lucille Rivers when interviewed in Sydney, is one of her favorites and a popular style in New York.

This is one of the styles Miss Rivers will demonstrate. Miss Rivers has a technique all her own for teaching dressmaking.

Her ways make sewing so easy that she has taught men who have never before held a needle to make their shirts.

"There's no mystery in it," she explains, "it's just a combination of simplicity and common sense."

"I try to teach women to sew for fun. In fact, it has been found in the States that not many women today make their own clothes to save money. For them dressmaking is a creative hobby."

Miss Rivers recently gave

up her dressmaking business in New York to concentrate on writing and television.

The Sewing Book which she wrote with the editors of "Better Homes and Gardens" has been one of the most successful ever published in America. It totted-up the largest advance sale recorded in U.S. publishing history — 120,000 copies.

Her biggest television success was on the "Home" show, a daytime magazine series for housewives conducted by Arlene Francis, a top TV personality.

"It was a mixed programme," Miss Rivers explained. "I did the sewing demonstrations."

"At first the editors considered my section the Cinderella of the programme. 'Who's interested in sewing?' they wanted to know."

"As it turned out, I became the bread-and-butter girl. I got more sponsors than anyone, and kept the show going."

"We hadn't realised the enormous interest in home-sewing. A study has shown that about three-quarters of the women of America do some sort of sewing, even if it is only turning up a hem."

And according to Miss Rivers even a higher proportion sew at home here.

Miss Rivers is thrilled to be back.

"Love affair"

"There has been a real love affair between me and Australia ever since my 1959 tour," she said.

"It's not so much places, it's the people. They have such genuine warmth and friendliness."

Americans often ask her, "Isn't Australia a lot behind the times?"

"I quickly squash this idea," she said. "I tell them that in many ways Australians — in fashion, anyway — are ahead of Americans."

"Maybe it's because of their distance from the centre of things that women make a bigger effort. And some of the beauty parlors are better equipped here."

In fact, Miss Rivers has raved so much about Australia since she returned to New York two years ago that one of her friends said to her before she left this time:

"You know, I don't think you'll come back."

Dressmaking book

● Our next week's issue will contain an attractive 48-page lift-out booklet on dressmaking.

THIS book has been specially written by Lucille Rivers. It covers basic lessons, with emphasis on adjusting paper patterns to suit the individual figure and ensuring a good fit with least bother.

Both beginners and experienced sewers will benefit from Miss Rivers' sound advice.

The theme of her tour and of the book is the "Costume Look," covering coats, jackets,



skirts, blouses, and dresses.

DEMONSTRATIONS

SYDNEY: Farmer's, Monday, August 7, to Friday, August 11, 2.30 p.m. daily, and Saturday, August 12, at 9.30 a.m., 1st floor. Tickets free, available Paper Patterns Dept., 1st floor, from July 31. Answering questions 10.30 a.m. weekdays.

WOLLONGONG: Marcus Clark's, Monday, August 14, and Tuesday, August 15, 2 p.m., at Phillip House, Crown Street, West Wollongong. Tickets 3/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept., Marcus Clark's. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions 10.30 a.m. daily.

NEWCASTLE: Winns, 2.30 p.m., Thursday, August 17, 9.30 a.m.; Friday, August 18, and Saturday, 19. Tickets 2/6, available Dress Fabrics Dept. from August 7. Proceeds for Legacy. Answering questions 11 a.m. Thursday and 3 p.m. Friday.

TELEVISION: One-hour demonstrations from Channel 9, TCN, August 14 to 18, noon daily.

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RAILWAYS

Miss "Luxury Unlimited"

**Knowing what to buy
and where to find it—
that's Beth Campbell's
wardrobe success secret**



AFTER-FIVE CLASSIC

Italian silk, above, has loose top heavily beaded in crystal and rhinestones, reed-slim skirt. Jade bowl from Singapore.

• Pictures by staff photographer ADELIE HURLEY.



ELEGANTLY SIMPLE

Silk sheath dress, above, has easy cross-over top and narrow skirt, typifies the clothes she loves. Cost about £12.

OF VELVET AND FUR

Black velvet dress, left, for winter cocktails and parties, has deep hemline of black fox fur. It cost £22.



"Goorianawa," Coonamble, N.S.W., is on a brief visit home.

She has established herself in London as head of an organisation known as "Luxury Unlimited."

"My business grew by itself," she said. "I just seemed to be able to find flats for my friends. The word got around, and very

soon I was helping quite a number of people to find apartments and buy different things in London."

"Luxury Unlimited" has developed into a shopping service, designed primarily for tourists and businessmen who don't know London very well.

"I help them to buy mink coats, diamond necklaces, perhaps a Rolls-Royce, or find them a luxury apartment—with rents from £20 a week up," she said.

As a model in charity fashion shows in Sydney, and working in London, Beth has learnt how to wear clothes with distinction.

She is tall and slim, walks with a model's grace and poise. Casual clothes, tailored suits, extravagant cocktail dresses all suit her.

"But it's evening clothes that I love, and I let myself go with colors and lovely materials," she says.

Although Beth has a great deal more money than the average working girl—from her business in London and in her own right—she is not extravagant with clothes.

"The important thing is to know *where* to buy," she said. "I shop in department stores and buy clothes off the peg or in tiny shops.

"I know the clothes that suit me and my way of life, and I stick to them."

Slim skirts, a simple understated line with the accent on color and materials seem to be the essentials she looks for.

"My one extravagance," she said, "was my Nina Ricci model. It was expensive, but it was just one of those dresses you love on first sight, and I had to buy it.

"I shall wear it for a long time, though. Then when I'm tired of it I shall take off the 'fishtail,' perhaps alter the top, and wear it as a sheath."

—Patricia Kent

-on a budget



DIOR COPY
— £4/10/-

Red lace over taffeta. Lace cost 13/- a yard in London, lining 2/- a yard; dressmaker-made in Spain from a Dior design for £3.



FROM PARIS
— £90

Nina Ricci original is black nylon over taffeta, the nylon heavily encrusted with sequins and jet. Transparent "fishtail" is black nylon tulle.

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Your friends may not talk about your toilet,
but can you be sure what they think?

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HARPIC

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TOILET CLEANSER

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Toilet Bowls



"Happy Whatchamaycallit!"



"Read it again, with expression, Pause after every comma, and take a breath after each full stop."

It seems to me

I WONDER whether the Russians, in choosing Major Yuri Gagarin as their first spaceman, selected him for his charm as well as for the necessary good physique and mental balance?

Did they consciously think: All these candidates are intelligent, brave men in perfect nick, with every qualification, but Yuri's subsequent smiles will have the Western ladies swooning in the aisles?

Whether they did or not, that has been the result. The Russian newspaper "Pravda" interpreted the British enthusiasm as approval of Soviet Russia in general. The London correspondent of the "New York Times" said that it was partly caused by satisfaction that he "and not one of those bleeding Yanks" had been the first man in space.

An Italian newspaper claimed that the British, having confidence in their own system, felt free to cheer any Russian personality or event which aroused their enthusiasm.

But I think it was that boyish smile of Yuri's, beamed by TV into a million sitting-rooms, that tipped the scale.

LET me tell you about an advertisement for air-conditioning which I saw the other day in an American magazine.

Spread across two pages, it depicts a modern kitchen. A tradesman (a handsome fellow) is installing an air-conditioning unit on one wall.

Beside him, mopping his brow but smiling, is another even handsomer young man, who is Dad.

On the floor near Dad is a small boy, dressed as a Red Indian and taking aim with a bow and arrow at his little sister, who is toddling from the refrigerator to the table with a plate of food.

At the fridge door stands a beautiful fair-haired model (Mother) laughing happily as she waits for junior to let fly.

On the wall a clock shows ten to six, so whether the meal is an early breakfast or an early dinner is not clear. The air-conditioning man must in either case be on overtime.

This scene, as any woman knows, has the ingredients of pure hell. But the ad man has translated it into domestic heaven.

Well, maybe it gives us an ideal to aim at.

ANOTHER note, garnered from the same magazine.

Why not, it suggests, make your bathroom into an oasis where a half-hour escape can seem like a week-long vacation?

"Pour a whole box of sea-salt into the water," advises the real-gone writer; "you'll have all the comforts of home and the feel of the sea. One tiny pinch of bluing in the water makes the illusion perfect."



Dorothy Drann

PUBLICATION of the "Ern Malley" poems 17 years after the original hoax is a bold and possibly profitable stroke.

Though I was among those who enjoyed the hoax ("Ern Malley" and his poems were the invention of two Australian poets, James McAuley and Harold Stewart) I have always admired the stance taken by Max Harris, the man who took the brunt of the joke.

Mr. Harris, in his preface to the new publication,

mentions that the "Ern Malley" poems were considered by his partners, John Reed, Sunday Reed, and Sidney Nolan, before being passed for publication in the magazine "Angry Penguins."

However, it was Max Harris' name which figured most prominently after a Sunday paper revealed that the poems and their author had been invented to discredit the contemporary fashion in poetry.

Back in 1944 the revelation that he and his associates had been taken in by poems designed to be nonsense was a joke that gained point because it emerged amid the somber news of war.

Ever since, Max Harris and a few supporters have maintained that the practical jokers produced real poetry in spite of themselves.

Well, I don't know about that, but the whole story is told in "Ern Malley's Poems," published by Lansdowne Press, with a preface by Max Harris. And I shouldn't be surprised if it has a better sale than does genuine poetry.

ITALIAN designer Emile Pucci says that his new line is "for the rare woman who is dynamic and gentle."

Now, there's an aim for you, girls. It's like being vivacious and restful, spiteful and soft-hearted, plump and slender.

REFUSING to grant a divorce to a man who sued on the ground of mental cruelty, a Malayan High Court judge, Mr. Justice Hashim, ruled that nagging was not cruelty. "A wife is entitled to nag. It is the favorite habit of women," he said.

Nag, nag, nag
On thy poor brown head, oh he
Who cries, "If my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

O well for the judge as a boy
That he met with a sweetheart at play,
Who by habit and nature refrained
From nagging him day by day.

But those wifely quips go on
While they're both getting over the hill,
And only the touch of a violent hand
Will banish her voice to be still.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Unsettling visits

IS it wise to visit a young child in hospital? Some time ago our 11-month-old son was in hospital for a week, and, on the Sister's request, I visited him every day. When he came home it was about two months before I could be out of his sight without tears and hysteria, whereas with his father, who had not visited him at all, he acted quite normally. I'm sure it's more upsetting than helpful to visit a child to whom you can't explain you'll "be back tomorrow."

£1/1/- to "Visit or Not" (name supplied), Finchley Park, S.A.

Women as home designers

AFTER viewing a number of new homes recently, I feel there is a very real need for women to enter the field of home design. One house was designed so that the way to the master bedroom was through the rumpus room. Imagine having to negotiate tricycles, books, and toys when taking one's guests to the bedroom. Another house has the bedrooms separated from the living quarters by an open breezeway. All right in summer, but unthinkable in winter. The average woman would have a more practical approach to making houses truly livable.

£1/1/- to "Practical" (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

Her own foster ducklings

ABOUT two weeks ago we had a mother duck leave her nest just before her ducklings were due. My husband and I popped the deserted eggs into a box, and for several nights slipped the box between our blankets. Now we have five "foster children" that follow me about.

£1/1/- to "Clucky" (name supplied), Mt. Hope, N.S.W.

Rowdy flat life.

WE recently moved into a block of flats and are amazed at the inconsiderate attitude of flat-dwellers. They appear oblivious to the fact that showers at 2 a.m., noisy parties, and blaring wirelenses disturb other tenants.

£1/1/- to "Four Flatters" (name supplied), Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Not "Hers" or "His," but "Ours"

UNLIKE several couples we know who label all articles in their homes as "His" or "Hers"—she owns the TV, he the tank of colored fish—my husband and I think of all our possessions as "Ours." To my way of thinking, claiming individual ownership to items in the house is the wrong attitude. It doesn't matter who made the payments for the article, in nine cases out of ten it was the husband's money that made the payment possible. Hobbies, if not shared, should have mutual interest taken in them.

£1/1/- to "Sharer" (name supplied), Oxley Heights, Qld.

Aussie cooks "dull"?

THE visiting American gastronome, Mr. Dreicer, may be rather harsh in calling the Australian housewife a "culinary slob," but it must be admitted his comments are right. Australian women are unimaginative when it comes to cooking. With their menfolk they're satisfied with the dull fare, quickly prepared and hastily eaten. Not so our European counterparts, to whom eating is to be enjoyed and cooking an enviable achievement, regardless of time and planning spent on it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Lewis, Glen Iris, Vic.

Women's vote

MRS. J. McMAHON (N.S.W.) should vote according to her own wish and not that of her husband, who claims a woman should vote as her husband dictates because he is the breadwinner. Women's right to vote was fought for and won at too great a hardship for any woman to use this privilege in a frivolous manner or duplicate the opinion of another. It's impertinent of a husband to think he has the right to dictate in such a matter.

£1/1/- to Z. Reggett, Ouse, Tas.

IF the husband is conscious of the importance of his vote, the wife should vote as he does. I voted my way when first married and there always seemed an undercurrent of hostility when politics were mentioned. So I turned his way and am much happier.

£1/1/- to M. Wilkinson, Newcastle, N.S.W.

A WOMAN who can think and reason must form her own opinion. If her husband insists on a certain vote she should just vote as she thinks best and say nothing, unless asked.

£1/1/- to "Mere Woman" (name supplied), Too-woomba, Qld.

I DON'T imagine the Parkhursts and their associates fought for many years merely to obtain for women the right to vote "as their husbands dictate." A wife may vote for the same candidate as her husband, but anything in the way of duress nullifies the whole principle of "free" exercise of franchise by women.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Smith, Forest Hill, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

"COULD you tell me how to survive the mad hour of breakfast and off to school?"

A woman in Tasmania sent me this urgent appeal.

Let me say first that I don't believe there is any simple, easy way to survive the mad breakfast hour. It is a supreme test of a woman's skill and endurance. It is something like the Olympic Games, only it happens every day, not once in four years.

Physical fitness is important. The woman who wants to give a good account of herself at breakfast should not stay up late the night before. Also, I advise her not to drink too much.

She must be sure to have proper equipment. Light flat-heeled shoes (not slippers) make it easier to move fast around the kitchen. I knew a woman who clipped 14 seconds off her time for serving breakfast by wearing gym shoes.

It is important in the mad breakfast hour to conserve energy by simplifying the food side of the

RUSH HOUR

job. Use pre-sliced bread for making lunches.

Try to get all children to eat porridge. If they don't like it with ordinary sugar, give them brown sugar. If they still don't like it, tell them the starving children in China (or some other distant country) would be glad to have it.

Opinions differ as to whether the



radio should be switched on at breakfast.

Some think it only makes the din worse. But in my view it is good for morale, like the bagpipes the Scots used to play during battles.

The harassed lady who wrote to me from Tasmania mentioned the problem of garter-hunting. "I not only have to find garters at breakfast time—I make them," she said.

It is best for a woman to realise from the outset that all children's garters will be lost. Once she accepts this fact, she will feel more able to live with it.

As the garters don't last long, there is no point in making fancy ones of wide elastic.

I have known frantic mothers to grab rubber bands and put them on. But that is a desperate measure. The best way to make an emergency garter is to cut a piece of elastic and tie a knot in it.

My wife, who has come through a lot of breakfasts, says the main thing is to keep cool. Don't get rattled when garters are lost and the milk is knocked over. Try not to blow your top when someone says: "But I don't want to take my overcoat!"

And remember that things will improve later in the day. The darkest hour always comes after the dawn.

Buy it now — the
RICHEST, MOISTEST FRUIT CAKE
 you've tasted in years!



"Rich with plump, juicy sultanas... moist with golden honey...
 fresh baked by master pastrycooks!"

You'd be proud to bake a cake like this yourself — that's how good it is! New Southern Cross Fruit Cake is full of plump, juicy Australian sultanas ripened in our own warm sunshine. It's moist with pure, golden honey, packed with the goodness of fresh eggs, milk and creamy shortening — and it stays home-made fresh for ages! This is Australia's very own fruit cake, made by Master Pastrycooks for Australians who appreciate the nicest things of life. It's the kind of fruit cake that can be eaten and enjoyed every day of the week, and used in so many different ways. If yours is a cake-hungry family, surprise them tonight with Southern Cross Fruit Cake — you can buy it wherever good cake is sold.



Look at these choice ingredients! They're what make Southern Cross Fruit Cake the richest, moistest fruit cake you can buy!



Use chunky slices of Southern Cross Fruit Cake to make school lunches more nourishing — more fun to eat!



For a quick energy-lift there's nothing like fruit-laden Southern Cross Fruit Cake with your morning or afternoon cup of tea.

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Readers' clever birds

● The hundreds of entries in our "How Bright is Your Bird?" contest proved that budgerigars and cockatoos aren't the only clever feathered pets readers love.

STIFF competition comes from the farmyard, the fowlyard, and the bush. Here are some of the bright birds who won prizes for their owners:

FIRST PRIZE — £10

Shoeshine maggie

MY tame magpie, Suzy, who I think is very intelligent, did a surprising thing recently when I was cleaning my shoes.

She stalked up, took the sponge in her beak, dipped it into the white cleaner, and started "cleaning" my good BLACK shoes. Balancing herself on one foot, she held the shoe with the other while she used her beak to rub the sponge inside and outside of both shoes.

Little did she know she was making the shoes dirtier than ever. This went on for about 15 minutes, when she suddenly dropped the sponge and walked away, quite content with her work.

Miss Helen Millgate, 4 Melbourne Rd., St. Arnaud, Vic.

SECOND — £5

Pullet is her playmate

MY little two-year-old niece, Maree Clayden, of Maitland, N.S.W., has a seven-month-old pullet, Biddy, which she trained herself.

Maree's daddy is blind and her mother works, so Biddy, a cross between a black australorp and a game, keeps her company during the day.

Every morning while Maree is having breakfast, Biddy comes to the verandah, where she calls Maree to play. They ride together on the swing or dinkie. Biddy also rides in the pram and is later put to bed in the doll's cradle.

While they are playing Biddy talks in a soft squawk, but stops if anyone comes near.

Mrs. A. Matthews, 162 Victoria St., East Maitland, N.S.W.



SUZY, the shoeshine magpie, at work.

Barnyard Darby & Joan

FOR many years we had a pair of pet bantams. Robert, the male, was most attentive to the needs of his wife, even teaching her in their late years how to do the daily dozen for fitness.

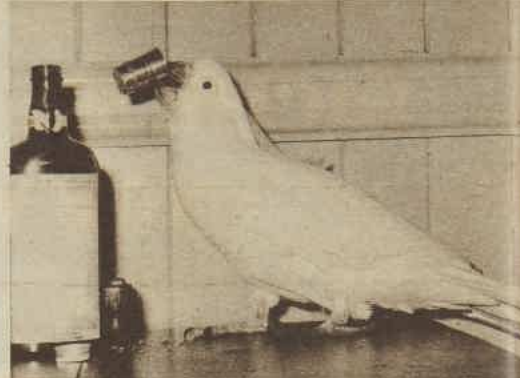
After their evening meal he would jump on to a box, walk its three-foot length, and jump down. This he repeated several times, nudging his wife to do the same. Unwillingly she obliged, but only three times, after which both would go to rest.

When Robert died his wife fretted, until one morning we heard "Old Robert" crowing again. It was his wife, standing on top of the fowl-run crowing in exact imitation of her mate. She continued to do this until she died.

£2 to Miss W. Dean, c/o Parkinson, 45 Swann Rd., Taringa, Brisbane.



MAREE and her pullet playmate, BIDDY.



COCKY is expert with cups—any kind.

Cocky the housekeeper

MY sulphur-crested cockatoo has his own chair that he sits in and sleeps on. He won't let anyone sit on it. He also has his own table and glass dish for porridge. He even has his own cup.

He sings and dances, loves the radio, and adores cars. All the neighbors have to keep their cars closed. He is not destructive and is quiet and very obedient. £2 to Mrs. M. Graham, 30 Devon St., Annerley, South Brisbane.



ZIG and ZAG on patrol.

Zig and Zag stand guard

ZIG and Zag were bronze-wing turkey gobblers that I reared from chicks with Christmas in mind. It is a mistake to make pets of future Christmas dinners, as one never has the heart to kill them.

Zig and Zag soon took over the guardianship of the homestead from the dogs. They rarely left the gate. When a car arrived they would take up positions on each side and challenge the visitors to enter.

I saw only one person — a travelling salesman — game enough to make a bolt for the gate. He received the full attack of two 40-pound feathered bombs in his rear. They kept a tireless vigil, parading in perfect timing.

£2 to Mrs. A. Carver, Tal-langatta Valley, Vic.

Chiddley comes home

WE have a clever, fat, five-month-old budgie called Chiddley.

He talks, and plays games with his plastic ball. Once he was lost for three hours.

Mummy spotted him away over in a high tree about six backyards away.

Mummy carried our ladder over and climbed on to a nearby garage roof and called him.

After a long time he heard and saw her, and flew on to her shoulder. We love him a lot.

£2 to Wendy Humphrey (11), 46 Lynwood Ave., Deewhy, N.S.W.



WENDY and CHIDDELEY.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"China Court"

Rumer Godden (Macmillan), 22/6.

The setting, a quiet country house beside a Cornish moor, inhabited by animals with such names as Bumble and Moses, and a heroine called Ripsie, suggests a cloying, unrealistic novel, but Miss Godden's pen is too skilled to produce anything but an exquisitely drawn story. Ripsie, now Old Mrs. Quin, chateleine of China Court, so named for the china clay works from which the family has drawn its income for five generations, can remember the first Eustace, father of The Brood, including Jared, who marries proud Irish aristocrat Lady Patrick.

It is in her time that Ripsie, an unknown from the village, strays into the garden to play with the sons, Borowis and John Henry. "Stop it now," warns Polly the nurse, but nothing can stop Ripsie's love for Borowis and ultimate marriage to John Henry. She brings strength to the family and untidy charm to the garden. Her long memory links her granddaughter

Tracy to the past, and her will binds the young girl to China Court for ever. Sometimes the story is almost sacrificed for the unusual "present tense" style, which digresses from generation to generation, from character to character—often too teasingly.

"Journey Into Mystery"

A Story of the Explorers Burke and Wills
Ivan Southall (Lansdowne), 17/6.

A straightforward account of the famous expedition which set forth from Melbourne in 1860, amid enormous public interest and acclaim, to cross Australia from south to north and reach the sea at the Gulf of Carpentaria. The big party was well equipped, but this book shows how vital is the human element in situations where courage and loyalty are demanded. The book is primarily for children, but grown-ups can enjoy it. It is a good starter for more serious study of this ill-fated expedition.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

VIVIEN LEIGH has reserved the penthouse on the fourteenth floor at **Chevron Hilton Hotel** for her stay here when the **Old Vic Company** opens its Sydney season in September.

She fell in love with the sweeping panoramic view of Sydney town from the suite when she inspected it during her day's stay here en route to Melbourne.

The white-carpeted living-room of the penthouse is curtained with brilliant blue-shot-with-green Thai silk and white trellis doors in the dinette area open into a small kitchen, which will be perfect for whipping up after-theatre snacks.

While she's in Australia Miss Leigh is spying out lacy iron balcony fronts on old houses and in junk yards.

She is keen to buy some for her new country home on the border of Kent and Sussex.

Her close friend Katharine Hepburn (who is planning to dash from America to attend the **Old Vic's** Sydney premiere) has enthused to her about the old ironwork treasures to be found here.

Katharine says the lacy ironwork she shopped for in Australia is now the pride and joy of her house in Connecticut.

"DARK, dark stockings are being worn by everybody — even old ladies — and hairdos are bouffant on top and very short at the sides," says Mrs. Philip Rudder in a note from Italy. She's in Florence, doing a six weeks' course in Italian language, arts, and music at the university there to give a polish to her Italian studies at Sydney University. At the time of writing, Mrs. Rudder was looking forward to going to Sienna for the famous Il Palio race meeting. It's been an annual event for centuries—with the "jockeys" dressed as medieval knights, riding bareback round the cobbled square of the city. Each suburb of Sienna nominates a horse and rider — and if the rider falls, his mount can still go on to finish the race —and be wildly feted at the festival that follows, if it is first past the winning post.

ALTERATIONS planned by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Friend for their new home, "Yuruga," Dural, include the building of two additional rooms. Before their recent marriage Mrs. Friend was Miss Aline Edwards, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Edwards, of Goulburn.

NEITHER Elizabeth Rabett nor Susan Macarthur-Onslow had rings to flash when their romances were announced last week. Elizabeth, who is to wed Brigadier Timothy Cape at the end of August, is having a diamond ring which belonged to her fiancé's mother, the late Mrs. C. S. Cape. But it has to be reset. And Susan and her Victorian fiancé, Lieutenant-Colonel Ian Hayman, haven't had an opportunity to do anything but window-shop on Sundays since "making up their minds," because Colonel Hayman, who is stationed in Brisbane, has only had weekend leave. "Buying a ring" heads the routine orders he has planned for his next visit to Sydney on July 31.

A **CONSTANT** reminder for Dr. and Mrs. Charles Rowell of the 18 months they spent in Lancashire during their four years abroad is the conversation of their 4½-year-old son Michael. While they were there he acquired the broadest "Gracie Fields accent," which has stuck! With Michael and their two-year-old daughter Dominique, Mrs. Rowell flew home from England last week and is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Norman. Dr. Rowell is following his family out in about a fortnight. His last appointment in England was at the Whittington Hospital. Mrs. Rowell says there is a plaque outside the hospital claiming the site to be the spot where Dick Whittington heard the Bow Bells urging him to continue on his way to London.

CAMELLIAS from their own garden will decorate Mr. and Mrs. Leo Keating's home at Pymble when they entertain at a supper dance on July 26 to celebrate the 21st birthday of their son John. They are also giving him a gold wristlet watch as a memento of his coming of age.

ELEGANT Eileen Peel, who co-stars with Michael Shepley in "The Amorous Prawn," which opens at the Theatre Royal on July 29, has taken a flat at Edgecliff. Incidentally, she is among inner-circle friends of playwright T. S. Eliot. She calls him Tom and has played the role of Lavinia in his widely discussed play "The Cocktail Party" in both London and New York. Miss Peel, who is the widow of a London businessman, has the reputation of being one of England's best-dressed women in private life.



IN ENGLAND. Mr. Neville Japp, of Hay, and his bride, formerly Miss Suzanne Robertson, of Melbourne, were recently married at the Church of England, at Shepperton, in Surrey. The bridegroom's brother, Mr. Alan Japp (on the left), was best man, and Miss Valmai Wilson, of Melbourne, attended the bride. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Japp, of Hay.



BETWEEN DANCES. From left, Mrs. Jeffery Tripp, of Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Benson, of Ingleburn, and Dr. and Mrs. Charles Ross-Smith, of Seaforth, chatting together at the British Medical Association's Ball at the Trocadero. Mrs. Tripp wore a pale pink satin beaded gown; Mrs. Benson was in coral satin, and Mrs. Ross-Smith chose an orchid satin sheath frock.



RECENTLY ENGAGED Miss Caroline Cornish, of St. Ives, and Mr. Nicholas Anderson will make their home on Mr. Anderson's property, "Minden Fields," Rockley, after their wedding at the end of the year. He is the elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Charles Anderson, of "Springfield," Young. Miss Cornish is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cornish.

FROM ADELAIDE comes this picture of Mr. Michael Edgar and his bride, formerly Miss Adrienne Jeanes, who were recently married at St. Andrew's Church, Walkerville. The bridegroom is the son of the G.O.C. Eastern Command, Lieutenant-General H. G. Edgar, and Mrs. Edgar. The wedding was followed by a reception at the Hotel Australia, given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Jeanes.

TV's OLD-TIME BALLROOM



CIRCULAR WALTZ, finale of each "Old-time Ballroom" programme, is still the most popular of all the old-time dances.

● The grace and charm of grandmother's day are shown in A.B.C.-TV's popular "Old-Time Ballroom," one of the prettiest programmes you could see. Remember the Gipsy Tap? Charmaine? Pride of Erin? You'll see them all.



OVER-SWAY (above) by Barbara Kirby and partner Noel Sharkey during a pretty formation of dances, which is entitled "A Bouquet of Waltzes."



SHOW BUSINESS

SPECTACULAR start of "A Bouquet of Waltzes" formation. The whole dance sequence was planned by Norma Connelly. Norma and her husband, Max Bond, are Australian exhibition champions and also old-time champions.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 2, 1961

A night at the ballet—on TV

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Dust off your tiaras and ask your friends in for a TV night at the Russian ballet during the Sydney season of the Leningrad Maly Theatre Company.

THE planned telecast from A.B.C.-TV's Channel 2 will last an hour and will be from the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown.

The date of the big night is not yet known, but it looks as if it will be toward the end of the Sydney season, which closes on August 19.

What the programme will be is not yet known, either, but the A.B.C. hopes that it will include both classical and modern ballet, for which the Maly company has a big reputation.

The programme will be chosen from Acts II and III of "Swan Lake," "Pachita," Act III of "Seven Beauties" (Kara-Karav), "La Gioconda" (Ponchielli), "Classical Symphony" (Prokofiev), and diversifications.

The telecast of the Bolshoi Ballet from the A.B.C.'s Gore Hill studios two years ago during its brief Australian visit was good. But this should be miles better.

The Bolshoi studio telecast was fraught with difficulties and temperament. None of the company had ever appeared on TV, and, disregarding the script, even changed the choreography of some of the ballets.

The telecast that resulted simply grew out of the temperament and artistic demands of the artists.

This one, if the telecast is made as planned, will be a real live performance from the theatre — extra-special TV.

'The Flintstones' refreshing

I'VE just met "The Flintstones," Channel 9's new domestic comedy set in the Stone Age. I've looked forward to it for a long time, and was prepared to like it. I did.

I've always been a cartoon fan, and "The Flintstones" comes from those master cartoonists Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera, who are the creators of TV's "Huckleberry Hound" and "Quick Draw McGraw" (They also created those delightful "Tom and Jerry" cartoons that moviegoers will remember, and won seven Academy Awards for them.)

"The Flintstones" is basically a domestic situation comedy job. The hero and heroine are a rugged couple called Fred and Wilma Flintstone. Their best friends are Barney and Betty Rubble.

Both couples are happily married (in the American TV way) and suffer the normal trials of life and gracious living in the Stone Age.

If you think it sounds rather like a prehistoric edition of "I Love Lucy" or "The Honeymooners," you're right, and happily it seems to veer more toward "The Honeymooners" than "Lucy."

"The Flintstones" is a refreshing change, and far more real than many domestic comedies that clutter the TV screen with their real people who often speak such unreal lines.

TV highlights for me this week: The umpire of the Wimbledon Men's Singles who spoke so very like Noel Coward that he made "Fifteen-forty" sound like a line from "Private Lives"; and the fierce-looking tiger's head in an advertisement that suddenly rears up off the lid of the box it adorns and gives a Swiss yodel in a most untigerish high tenor.

Graham off on world trip

GRAHAM KENNEDY, king of TV in Australia's Deep South, has taken off on a round-the-world trip that adds another laurel to his imposing TV career.

Gray, who has just signed a new and more-lucrative-than-ever contract with Melbourne's Channel 9, managed in the signing, he told me, to snitch himself a small three-week holiday from TV. But his holiday is not as planned. It's better.

Gray's holiday is paid for by a sponsor who believes that Gray, who has proved a nation-wide seller of his product in Australia, will also do the best possible job selling it abroad.

So off Gray has gone, to enjoy a three-week whirl spiced with a really international series of commercials.

With him, to produce, create, and film the commercials, is producer of "In Melbourne Tonight" Bill Beams. At a party given on a short stopover in Sydney, both Gray and Bill were dazed but happy.

Gray hadn't started his packing until 2 a.m. that day, and from the list of what he'd forgotten he's probably travelling with a lot of empty suitcases. (Incidentally, he is very interested in Continental styling and is planning to add largely to his wardrobe while he's away.)

Producer Beams hadn't forgotten a thing — he'd taken everything with him, including the keys of his wife's car. She had packed for him, gone with him to the airport, and waved him off. But pandemonium greeted him in Sydney.

Mrs. Beams had dashed to the car to keep an important business appointment after he took off. But there stood the car, locked, with the keys en route to Bombay in her husband's pocket.

Hurried telephone calls to Mascot caught the Kennedy party, the keys were salvaged and flown straight back, so Mrs. Beams can keep the home fires burning happily.

Buster F's sad fate

"TOP of the Town," Channel 9's Friday night variety show, has had a chequered career. It started with faults and worked up to being a darned good show round the middle of its life. Then it went to Melbourne to be produced.

For weeks, "Top of the Town" has been a grim business down there, but the show on July 14 finally finished me.

You may remember it — Buster Fiddess starred as Horatio Nelson.

There were other acts, too; singing and dancing and the general go-on that makes this variety show. I have never sat through entertainment so ill-rehearsed, so unfunny.

The sad thing about "Top of the Town" is the terrible thing that has happened to Buster Fiddess, who migrated to Melbourne. He's not funny any more, he's painful to watch.

New Film

★ MAN IN THE MOON

Kenneth More is delightfully whimsical as William Blood (the human guinea-pig unable to catch wogs) in this rib-tickling comedy. Immune to illness, and emotion — until stripteaseer Shirley Anne Field chips his armor — More is selected as first astronaut for the moon. A wacky plot has a surprise twist. — State, Sydney.

In a word . . . ZANY.



Tanya Halesworth, A.B.C.-TV's personality girl, has realised one of her big ambitions. She will play the role of Portia in A.B.C.-TV's live production of "The Merchant of Venice." Owen Weingott will play Shylock.



Men like this energy crispbread, too!

If he needs energy yet has to watch his waistline . . . make Vita-Weat his "daily bread". This 100% whole wheat crispbread is wonderfully satisfying . . . gives him the vitality he needs for each busy day. Include some in every cut lunch, supper or TV snack.



P.S. Write today to Pesh Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W. for your free Vita-Weat "eat and keep slim" diet chart.

V11

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 2, 1961

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ANTICIPATION

Smooth, sleek and tailored with accident-proof protection shield, built-in belt, fabric lined for perfect comfort. You can wear "Anticipation" Sani-Panties with or without a pad. In washable cotton, nylon or swami, in white or pastels, SSW-OS, from 12/6.



during...

RELIEF

"Relief" Sani-Panties for complete protection. Accident-proof protection shield and half-back fabric lined for comfort. Designed to fit smoothly. Has built-in sanitary belt. Cotton, nylon or swami, white or pastels. SSW-OS, from 11/9.



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WINTER COLDS

Feel well quickly! WOODS' COLD RELIEF TABS surely treats head and chest colds—cuts phlegm—thins mucus—clears congested breathing passages—stops unproductive coughing—eases painful throat—relieves headache.



● Sleeveless one-piece with a sweep of permanent pleats has its own slip. Launderers like a dream, no ironing needed.



● Muu-muu in pink-and-white print, pretty and cool for any time of the day. Made in drip-dry no-iron fabric.



● Baby-doll dress designed for party glamor in printed washable chiffon with narrow velvet-ribbon trim. Slip attached.

GLAMOR FOR TWO — MATERNITY FASHIONS



● Pretty pink-and-white swimsuit, far right, has built-in bra and bloomer panties. Left, pink cotton jacket, matching shorts.

Any young woman who becomes a mother in the 1960s is lucky because she can invest in any of the pretty voguish maternity fashions shown here. The clothes are designed, manufactured, and obtainable in Australia, and they show an entirely new treatment of maternity fashions. There are lots of pretty colors and no tent-like smocks. In all, they combine fashion sense with common sense.

— BETTY KEEP



● Chic town dress in woven black-and-white check cotton. The dress has an accent in black and a two-pocket trim. Scoop neckline and short sleeves for comfort.



● Cocktail suits, left, designed with easy-fit no-sleeve jackets. Both skirts are fully lined and have Dior back pleats. Fabrics are easy-laundry no-iron.

Maggi Chicken Noodle Soup:
plump succulent chickens...slow simmered
to light lively-flavoured broth...
enriched with golden egg noodles
...that's the flavour secret of **MAGGI**



Only Swiss-style Maggi Soups have that
real Home-Cooked flavour and goodness

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

An appealing short story by **EILEEN ALDERTON**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

WHEN the train pulled out and he, settling in his Pullman seat, did no more than raise his hand in a casual gesture of farewell, when the long, grimy train had snaked away, she still stood there — a tall pale, brown-haired girl wearing a new spring suit.

The platform began to empty and she walked slowly toward the barrier. She found her platform ticket in her pocket and gave it up and stood there wondering what to do with the remainder of the afternoon or, indeed, what to do with the years and years of life that stretched before her. She was only twenty-four.

All round her there were news-stands, and cigarette kiosks, and luggage trucks, and tea urns, and people. So many people — hurrying, dawdling, buying cups of tea, massing sluggishly before the indicator board. A genteel voice called out times of train departures, but nobody, surely, could understand?

There was music in the station and it came from somewhere high above her where the sun flickered palely through soot-grimed glass and — incongruously — pigeons fluttered. Somewhere up there a dance tune sobbed.

She thought: I can't go home. I can't. And then, in an uprush of self-pity induced by the sentimental melody: I can't bear it. I can't, I can't.

She walked through all the people, round a line of waiting taxis, past some pigeons pecking at grain scattered on the asphalt. How did the grain come to be in a railway station? Did the porters carry it in their pockets? Did railwaymen make pets of London pigeons?

She thought: This smell of station — I shall remember all my life. A smell of soot and packing cases, coal and oil and pigeon feathers.

Outside, a high spring wind blew in gritty gusts and pale sunshine shone fitfully through jagged cloud. She was shivering. She turned up the collar of her suit but the wind bit through the fine material.

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Jimmy looked sympathetically at his sister, "What's the matter, Jenny?" he asked her.



It was strange, she thought, that all through the winter she had been unconscious of ever feeling ill, or tired, or cold. For all the months that she had known him fatigue was something she never felt at all. Now she was smothered by a sickening weariness.

The river was tossed and bright and swiftly moving. She stood, leaning on the parapet. She opened her brand-new bag — bought with the suit to wear when she saw him off — and took from it a bundle of letters. It was a slender bundle (he hated writing letters) held by an elastic band.

She threw the letters over the parapet. Then she took the only present he had ever given her — a heavy silver bracelet hung with charms — and threw that, too. She stood listening as though she were waiting for the sound of the letters and the brace-

Continuing . . . THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

from page 23

let as they hit the water. Why, she wondered. Why, why, why? I don't understand it. Why? What did I do? How did I fall short of what he wanted? And why didn't I sense that it was ending and pull out first.

He was going abroad on business — but not for long. They had arranged that she should see him off. She had arrived early, but he had come just in time to catch the train.

He said: "Sweet of you to come — but you shouldn't have troubled coming all the way to town . . ." And then he said, "I'm a shocking letter writer, so don't go expecting letters or anything like that."

And then he said: "After this you

won't be seeing much of me, you know," not looking at her, looking at the station clock and pushing back his cuff to check his watch.

Was I so insensitive that I never guessed that he was bored?

She had heard her own voice sailing above the station noises — high and bright and artificial. She had felt her hands clench around the new handbag, her nails tearing into the smoothness of expensive calf as she asked the fatal leading question — "What do you mean, about not seeing much of you? You won't be away for long . . . You're coming back?"

He flushed, she noticed, and, self-

possessed as she had always known him, the heightened color made him different; a stranger she hardly knew.

"Yes, of course I'm coming back, but . . . Well, it's just one of those things — you know?" He looked away.

She didn't know. She could only nod and smile as she watched him climb aboard the train. Through the window she saw him shed his coat and settle comfortably; book, cigarettes, newspapers — all ready for a few hours' relaxation. Well, relax. I shan't follow you, worry you, cause a scene.

And as the train started moving he raised his hand and she waved back and then she couldn't see him any more.

She had known it happen to other people and she had always thought when she heard about it: Poor thing. Poor foolish girl, wasting her emotions on a man who doesn't care about her. And fancy not suspecting he was cooling off!

A girl she knew called Jenny had been let down — flat. Jenny was artistic, clever, but after the broken love affair she had started moping, become a bore. In their circle they had felt sorry for her, but — cruelly — they had spoken of her as Jilted Jenny and sometimes she was left out of parties, for, when you are enjoying yourself, what is more tedious than the sight of a sad and jilted girl? And what is more boring than the one-sided tale of someone else's broken love affair?

"He didn't mean a word he said," Jenny said, incredulous. "Can you believe a man could say all those things and not mean a word?"

"Perhaps he meant them at the time," she had said unhelpfully, "but do snap out of it, Jenny. Honestly, you won't go on feeling miserable. And there are other men . . ."

A great consolation they must have been to Jenny, the old, old clichés. Plenty of pebbles on the beach and fish to fry — for who cares about the pebbles or the fish when, for you, there is only one — fish or pebble?

Jenny lived in a bed-sitting-room and was lucky to be able to lick her wounds in private, with no inquiring family to probe; she had let herself go to pieces, though, after that man had jilted her.

I must go home, Hilary thought, and started walking into the Underground. People all round her, minding their own business, their bodies swaying to the movement of the train, their eyes glassy, bored, fixed on the advertisements.

HER station — and how

strange that it should look the same as when she had last left it two hours ago. Familiar roads and shops and familiar faces. A woman her mother knew called out, "How are you, Hilary?"

"Oh, fine, thank you, Mrs. Barton. How are you?"

I don't care how she is. I don't want to know. I'm too unhappy to care about anybody but myself.

The same old road, big trees tossing in the wind. It had begun to rain. A sharp spatter of mandrops darkened her suit.

A dog barking; a child hurtling down the pavement on a scooter and a woman's voice calling from a garden — "Diana, come inside at once . . . It's raining . . ."

Her father and his elder brother were in the garden, cutting broken tulips knocked down by rain and arguing about some plant.

Inside it was warm and noisy. Her youngest brother and sister crouched beside the television. "Shhh!" they hissed. "It's our serial—do go away."

Her pretty, abstracted mother was busy in the kitchen. "Hilary—how nice. You're so early. The Seymours and the Jacksons are coming — supper — only forks. I'm doing a curry but they didn't send the meat until nearly four o'clock. It's that new delivery boy . . . I wonder do you know? — where I put the great big dish — you know, the one that takes all the bits and pieces that go with curry. I put it away, it's so heavy—but I didn't, did I, give it to the bazaar? And darling, if you want tea, put the kettle on. I can't stop now."

"And, oh, Hilary, don't have a bath —"

"What?"

"Mr. Smith's upstairs, painting the bathroom, darling. I decided it's no good waiting for your father and he's so nice — working Saturdays and all. Mr. Smith, I mean—and not so expensive if you compare other people's prices—but it'll take twenty-four hours to dry, so no bath."

"All right."

"I chose dove-grey, darling, because that can't show the marks, can it, when grey is, roughly, the color of the finger-marks . . ."

Did it matter what color her dotty mother wanted the bathroom to be? Or what they ate tonight? Or any night?

There was a wall of glass between her family and herself. In the space of one afternoon she was quite alone.

Mr. Smith was perched on his ladder, head tilted backwards; the only quiet one in the house. He touched his forehead but did not speak. Slap, slap, slap went his paint brush.

To page 48

WHY

Why has Bushells Instant Coffee more flavor than other instant coffees?



MAGNIFIED VIEW shows that Bushells Instant Coffee is NOT just a powder but thousands of pure coffee flavor-buds.

BECAUSE

Bushells Instant Coffee is all **FLAVOR-BUDS**. Bushells turn roaster-fresh coffee beans into coffee **FLAVOR-BUDS** by a special process which gives you **ALL** the flavor of perfectly-brewed good coffee—that's the secret of Bushells Instant Coffee.

Buy this large **ECONOMY JAR**—you get double the quantity and **SAVE 9d.**



BUY AUSTRALIAN Bushells Instant Coffee is processed in Australia by Australians

The rustic quiet was undisturbed as they spoke a language of their own

Where the cloud breaks

BY H. E. BATES

COLONEL GRACIE, who had decided to boil himself two new-laid eggs for lunch, came into the kitchen from the garden and laid his panama hat on top of the stove, put the eggs into it, and then, after some moments of blissful concentration, looked to see if they were cooking.

Presently he sensed that something was vaguely wrong about all this and began to search for a saucepan. Having found it, a small blue enamel one much blackened by fire, he gazed at it with intent inquiry for some moments, half made a gesture as if to put it on his head, and then decided to drop the eggs into it, without benefit of water.

In the course of doing this he twice dipped the sleeve of his white duck jacket into a dish of raspberry jam, originally put out on the kitchen table for breakfast. The jam dish was in fact a candlestick, in pewter, the candle part of which had broken away.

Soon the Colonel, in the process of making himself some toast, found himself wondering what day it was. He couldn't be sure. He knew the month was July, although the calendar hanging by the side of the stove actually said it was September, but that of course didn't help much about the day. He guessed it might be Tuesday; but you never really knew when you lived alone and didn't take a paper. Still, it helped sometimes to know whether it was Tuesday or Sunday, just in case he ran short of tobacco and walked all the way to the village shop only to find it closed.

Was it Tuesday? The days were normally fixed quite clearly in his mind by a system of coloration. Tuesday was a most distinct shade of raspberry rose. Thursday was brown, and Sunday a pleasant yellow, that particularly bright gold you got in sunflowers.

Today seemed, he thought, rather a dark green, much more like a Wednesday. It was most important to differentiate, because if it were really Wednesday it would not be the slightest use his walking down to the shop to get stamps after lunch, since Wednesday was an early closing day.

There was nothing for it, he told himself, but to semaphore his friend Miss Wilkinson. With a piece of toast in his hand he set about finding his signalling flags, which he always kept in a cupboard under the stairs. As he stooped to unlatch the cupboard door a bag of onions left over from the previous winter dropped from a fragile string on the wall and fell on his neck without alarming him visibly.

One of the flags was bright yellow, the other an agreeable shade of chicory-blue. Experience had shown that these two colors showed up far better than all others against the surrounding landscape of lush chestnut copse and woodland. They were clearly visible for a good half mile.

In the army, from which he was now long retired, signalling had been the Colonel's special pigeon. He had helped to train a considerable number of men with extreme proficiency. Miss Wilkinson, who was sixty, wasn't of course quite so apt a pupil as a soldier in his prime, but she had nevertheless been overjoyed to learn what was not altogether a difficult art. It had been the greatest fun for them both; it had wiled away an enormous number of lonely hours.

For the past five weeks Miss Wilkinson had been away, staying on the south coast with a sister, and the Colonel had missed her greatly. Not only had there been no one to whom he could signal his questions, doubts, and thoughts; he had never really been quite sure, all that time, what day it was.

After now having had the remarkable presence of mind to put an inch or two of water into the egg saucepan, the Colonel set out with the flags to walk to the bottom of the garden, which sloped fairly steeply to its southern boundary, a three-foot hedge of hawthorn.

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DISCOVER A NEW YOU WITH **CUTEX**

"JUST RED"

A glowing red, ravishing for late afternoon and evening wear.

"PINK CAMEO"

A subtle pink, perfect for your daytime pastels. Now available in new matching lipsticks and Pearl Brilliance.

Standard Lipstick	5/3
S'Lipstick de luxe case	6/11
Standard Polish	3/3
Nail Brilliance	4/9
Pearl Brilliance	6/3



F310



**You Can
Taste the
Difference**

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THE
WORLD'S
BEST

CURRY

MADE BY:
P. VENCATACHELLUM, MADRAS, INDIA

**HUNDREDS OF HOME
PLANS** are available from our
Home Planning Centres located
in leading retail stores through-
out Australia.

See this week's new archi-
tect-designed home on Home
Plan page.

"Is there a doctor in the house?"
the frayed producer pleaded.
"Our opera star can't sing a note,
some drastic treatment's needed."
"I've just the thing," a young man cried.
"Woods' Compound in my pocket.
If she has a congested throat,
a dose of Woods' will knock it."

**WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT
COMPOUND** for Coughs and Colds

WHEN PROFESSOR and **MRS. JIM HUNTER** and their children, **PETER** and **ELIZABETH**, leave Canada to go to England on a working holiday, they board their three pets, **TAO**, a Siamese cat, **BODGER**, an old bull terrier, and **LUATH**, a young Labrador, with a friend, **JOHN LONGRIDGE**. Shortly before the Hunters return home Longridge goes off on a hunting trip, but arranges for his housekeeper, **MRS. OAKES**, to mind the animals.

No sooner had he left than the three pets, drawn by some strange homing instinct, set off for the Hunters' home, which lay about two hundred and fifty miles westward, a journey through the province of Ontario and across some of the wildest country in Canada.

On the second day out the bull terrier collapses from hunger, and lying unconscious is savagely attacked by a cub bear. Viciously the cat defends the old dog and the bear retreats. Later they are befriended and fed by a tribe of Indians.

Their next serious obstacle is the river. The Labrador and terrier manage to cross it, but the cat is swept away by swirling debris. He is rescued by a little Finnish girl, **HELVI**, and, revived by food and warmth, sets out on the trail again to find his companions.

Meanwhile the dogs, stricken at losing Tao, continue their journey. The starving Luath attacks a porcupine, who whips its tail in the dog's face, leaving the quills embedded in his cheek. **NOW READ ON.**



James Mackenzie gently removed the quills from Luath's cheek.

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

**Dramatic conclusion
of our two-part serial**

**By SHEILA
BURNFORD**

THERE was no doubt about it, the cat himself was a swift and efficient traveller, who quickly proved the old saying "He travels faster who travels alone." He had no difficulty at all in picking up the trail of the dogs from the point where they had turned off in a westward direction from the river, and the only thing that held him back was rain, which he detested.

He would huddle miserably under shelter during a shower, his ears laid flat, his blue eyes baleful and more crossed than ever, waiting until the last drop had fallen before venturing out again. Then he would pick his way with extreme distaste through the wet grass and undergrowth.

He left no trace of his progress; branches parted slightly here and there, sometimes there was a momentary rustling of dried leaves, but never a twig crackled, and not a stone was dislodged from under his soft, sure feet. Without his noisier companions he saw everything and was seen by none, many an animal remaining unaware of the cold oriental scrutiny in the undergrowth, or from up a tree.

He came within touching distance of the soft-eyed deer drinking at the lake's edge at dawn; he watched the long, sharp inquisitive nose and bright eyes of a fox peer from the bushes; he saw the long bodies and mean vicious faces of the mink and marten, and even the shy fisher with his otter-like head; and he watched with disdain the lean grey timber wolf loping quietly along the trail beneath him as he rested on the limb of a tree above.

Age-old instinct told him to leave no trace of his passing; the remains of the prey he killed with such efficient dispatch were all dug into the ground and covered over. When he slept, which was seldom, it was a quick "cat nap" high in the thick branches of evergreens. He was infinitely cunning and resourceful always, and above all he feared nothing. All this was quite remarkable when one considers what a pampered, soft life he had always led; adored by his young mistress and admired by all the family; never allowed out when the thermometer dropped below freezing

in the winter; and even indulged in to the extent of eating canned cat food sometimes.

On the second morning of his travels he came down at dawn to drink at the edge of a reed-fringed lake, and he passed within 100 yards of a "blind," a rough concealing structure made of reeds and branches on the lake shore in which sat two hunters and a Chesapeake dog, waiting for the early morning flights of ducks. Decoy ducks were bobbing realistically up and down in the water in front of them. The hunters were crouched down, their guns across their knees, searching the paling dawn sky expectantly. The Chesapeake stirred uneasily, turning his head and whining softly when the cat passed by, silent and unseen, but one of the men bade him be still, and he lay down, ears pricked and eyes alert.

"Must be a skunk or a bobcat in the bush back there," said one of the men, as he raised a pair of binoculars and swept the empty skies and the surrounding shore. "Jason looks restless." He fixed his binoculars intently on a rock on the shoreline. "Here, Jack, take a look," he said presently in a bewildered voice. "I think I must be seeing things: just take a look at that flat rock jutting out on the lake about eighty yards away and tell me what you think you see!"

He passed the binoculars to his companion, who trained them in the direction indicated and saw clearly on the flat rock a long slim fawn body with a long black tail, crouched low, drinking from the lake, and even as he looked a black face with erect black ears was turned in his direction, almost as though the animal were looking directly at him.

"Good heavens!" said the man called Jack, "it looks just like a cat!" He continued staring, then added, "Bill, it is a cat — it's one of those Siamese affairs."

"But where could it have come from? There isn't a house or a farm within miles of here..."

"Well, I'm glad you think it's a cat, too," returned his friend. "I guess that's what Jason was whining about."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 2, 1961

For goodness sake!

... taste that garden-fresh
home-cooked flavour!

The IXL Snak-Pak family is a family worth knowing! Carefully nurtured and grown in the rich Australian soils — harvested at exactly the right moment — freshly cooked to perfection and canned, by IXL's expert chefs — nature's goodness comes to your table rich in nourishment and mouth-watering flavour.

IXL BAKED BEANS IN TOMATO SAUCE

Fat, rich beans sauced in the juices of rich, red tomatoes. Imagine them as a breakfast on hot buttered toast! — ideal too for picnics and camping holidays and of course, in sandwiches or as a vegetable.

IXL SLICED BEETROOT

The finest garden-fresh sliced beetroot cooked with salt, sugar, and vinegar, ready to serve either hot or cold. Delicious in crisp lettuce sandwiches.

IXL GOLDEN CORN — CREAM STYLE

Delicately flavoured with sugar and salt, an appetising treat served hot or cold, and one that the whole family will relish.

IXL PEELED TOMATOES

These ripe red beauties, sun-drenched and picked at their prime. Try them fried in butter and served with a rasher of bacon.

IXL FINEST SELECTED ASPARAGUS

Specially grown and carefully selected, these juicy, tender shoots will tempt the most jaded palate. Serve hot with butter, or cold with Mayonnaise or French dressing.

IXL MUSHROOMS IN BUTTER SAUCE

The choicest of fresh mushrooms, seasoned with salt and pepper, soured in butter sauce. An epicure's dream when simmered and served hot.

IXL SELECTED SMALL GREEN PEAS

Plucked when young and tender, tossed in butter and served hot, these sweet, succulent green peas just melt in your mouth!



And real Italian SPAGHETTI...



The family is not complete without IXL Spaghetti in tomato sauce with cheese. Saucy, and spicy — you'll say "BUON-APETITO"!

IXL SNAK-PAKS

Your palate can tell when it's IXL

"Got that good-to-be-alive feeling again ..."

Mrs. J. Edwards, 5 Tobrak Street, North Ryde, N.S.W.
"Never seemed to have a great deal of energy. No wonder—I was draining my energy away with purgatives. But All-Bran soon put me right. Now I'm sparking on all fours. There's nothing like All-Bran."



Invite "Mother Nature" to Breakfast

All-Bran is made only by Kellogg's. It is a crisp, appetising breakfast cereal that is rich in BULK—Nature's way of keeping us fit, regular and cheerful.

That is why we suggest you invite "Mother Nature" to breakfast—for this is the way "Mother Nature" promotes and maintains regularity—if you let her. No harsh purgatives or medicines needed this safe, gentle way.

"Bulk" is the answer

With so many modern foods over-cooked and over-processed, it is necessary for us to eat at least one food every day which is rich in "bulk." That one is All-Bran—made by Kellogg's for this very purpose.

In addition to giving vital "bulk," All-Bran is a health food. All-Bran contains: Vitamin B₁, Vitamin

B₂, Niacin, Food Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus.

See then why it is so important to enjoy this nourishing laxative food—instead of harsh purgatives which drain energy away.

Begin this pleasant test tomorrow

Enjoy All-Bran with milk and sugar every morning and drink plenty of water. Ten days usually prove effective. If not, you should see your doctor.

If after 10 days you are not completely satisfied, Kellogg's will gladly send DOUBLE your money back if you return the packet.

So crisp and appetising



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

K1032

"CHESTINESS"

BRONCHITIS & BREATHING TROUBLES

Combined Action Brings STRIKING RESULTS

No wonder more and more sufferers from difficult breathing, wheeziness, shortness of breath, chestiness and similar bronchial troubles, give thanks for Dō-Dō Tablets. Their highly effective formula asserts a 'combined action' which—

1. Relieves constriction of the bronchial tubes enabling the air to flow freely in and out of the lungs and facilitates removal (by expectoration) of clogging mucus.
2. Helps to relieve the nervous tension which so frequently accompanies and indeed often brings on the attacks.

Once this 'combined action' has taken effect, you feel relaxed and at ease. You can breathe again—easily—freely—deeply—without wheezing or coughing.

Dō-Dō is remarkable. One dose brings almost instant relief. Dō-Dō can be taken on awaking for daytime relief and at night for a good night's rest.

If you suffer from attacks of shortness of breath, bronchial congestion, painful, difficult breathing, wheezing, catarrhal accumulations in the throat and bronchial tubes, wearying night or day coughing attacks,

Ask your chemist for Dō-Dō Tablets
24 TABLETS 5/9

A Recent Article in a LEADING MEDICAL JOURNAL

(British Medical Journal, 11-10-58 No. 5101 page 905) supports the theory behind the Dō-Dō formula. The writer explains that a combination of sympathomimetic and xanthine substances with the addition of a sedative may not only be better than either drug given alone but may also be helpful in relieving the nervous tension which often accompanies and sometimes actually "brings on" attacks of breathing troubles.

THIS IS IN FACT THE BASIS OF THE Dō-Dō FORMULA

and serves to explain why Dō-Dō produces such striking relief and by reason of its results has become one of the largest selling remedies of its kind throughout the world.

A Whisper, A Kiss

A short story complete on this page

By
LESLEY CONGER



With a warm flannel wrapped around her throat, Benny answered Joe in whispers.

EVERYBODY, with one exception, expected Benny and Joe to get married. Not that theirs was the romance of the century; it wasn't, though Benny's mother wished it were. She always called Benny "Benita," and she was the exception.

Other mothers complained bitterly when their daughters moped with love and took to their rooms; other mothers dared not venture within earshot of one of those endless telephone conversations for fear of being stabbed with a look of cold contempt.

Benny's mother, on the other hand, would have cherished a moping, lovelorn Benita, a vagrant tear coursing down her pale cheek. When the phone rang for Benny, Benny's mother stood three feet away (other mothers would have slunk out of sight) and Benny grinned at her. "Hi, sloh," Benny would say into the phone. "Six a.m. at the Elm Street courts? Sure thing. Bye." End of telephone conversation. "That was old Joe," she would tell her mother.

The association of Joe and Benny was inevitable. Ever since fifth grade, when they had been the only vertically oriented children during a neighborhood flu epidemic, they had been thrown together constantly through the circumstances of their good health and their boundless energy.

Nobody but Benny could keep up with Joe, and certainly nobody but Joe could keep up with Benny. On the tennis court they massacred all challengers; pitted against each other they exhausted all spectators. On the ski slopes they were herringboning up and swooshing down long after everybody else had dragged weary bones into the lodge. In the water they were a pair of tireless seals.

So there you have it: two healthy, good-looking, exuberant young people, perfectly suited, obviously meant to be partners for life. But Benny's mother suspected the truth, and the truth was that Benny and Joe had never exchanged a tender word or a melting glance. Benny and Joe were as emotional about each other as a pair of new tennis racquets leaning together in a gymnasium locker.

Observing this, Benny's mother had begun to wish that Joe and his family would move to some other town (Capetown? Melbourne?) and leave room for some other young man to appear and sweep Benita off her feet. True, she had momentarily nourished some hopes about the high-school graduation ball; but while other parents watched the clock and paced the floor, Benny's mother, pulling aside a curtain to admire the moonlit night, saw Joe already bringing Benny home. "See you, knothed," said Benny at the front door. And Joe answered, "Takes one to know one, old girl," and was gone.

It was possible that Joe might go away to some remote college (Antarctica Tech?), but instead they both enrolled at the State college, right in town. Worse yet, they both turned out for the college's tennis teams and were paired in the mixed doubles. But Joe also turned out for football and Benny became a cheerleader, with megaphone, red sweater, and white pleated skirt. Maybe, Benny's mother thought (feeling a little sad and somewhat mean and certainly disloyal to Joe, whom she loved dearly even if Benita didn't), maybe she will fall in love with a star quarterback and Joe will catch the eye of some slinky siren from out of town. But weeks passed and it was still Joe and Benny, Benny and Joe. An impasse, Benny's mother thought.

But all was not really as usual. Between Benny and Joe something had gone wrong; some part of the relationship that they had accepted all these years had unaccountably soured, or withered, or perhaps petrified. Anyway, a peculiar restraint had begun to hang over them. Beneath their boisterousness ran a deep current of gloom; under their exuberance, apathy. They were together as much as they had always been, but it wasn't the same.

It was during the football game between the State and Braley College that it all became perfectly clear to Benny. During the half, Joe came down from his seat in the cheering section and tapped her on the shoulder. "Midterm exams," he said. "They start Monday, old girl." They had studied together ever since sixth grade, and all she needed to do

was nod and set the date. But this time she looked at Joe and he looked antagonistic, and it came to her in a blinding flash: We don't even like each other any more! We're sick and tired of each other, and we just haven't had the courage to do anything about it!

Courageously Benny opened her mouth—and then it occurred to her that tomorrow would be a good time, to have it all out; by tomorrow she'd have thought of exactly the right thing to say to bring the whole business to an end. "Sure," she said. "My house, tomorrow morning."

Benny was immensely cheered by her decision. The chill wind that swept the stadium did not raise a single goose pimple on her lovely bare legs; she threw herself into her work with abandon, bellowing lustily.

In bed that night Benny rehearsed. Mouthing the words, she practised what she would say to Joe. "Joe," she would say, "let's face it. Just liking all the same things, that doesn't mean anything. We've been pals for nearly ten years and now, and . . ." No. Benny turned over. "Joe," she would say. "Joe . . ."

In the morning the phone got Benny out of bed. It would be Joe, telling her he was on his way over. She grabbed the receiver and opened her mouth to say, "Joe?" Nothing happened.

"Benny?" said Joe. "Benny, you there? Oh, come off it, old girl—I can hear you breathing . . . Quit clowning!" But Benny could only stare at the telephone and clutch her throat.

By the time Joe was at the door, Benny had gargled with everything that one can gargle with and was still mute as a giraffe; and with a piece of warm flannel wrapped around her throat she felt like a giraffe, too—all neck. Joe stared at her and sat down on the sofa with his books between them. "What's with you, joker?" he asked.

Benny's lips moved. "I can't talk," they said.

"Ho!" Joe crowed. "Screamed your way into a case of laryngitis, did you? And of all the dumb times—when I've got all these chem. formulas . . ."

"I can whisper!" whispered Benny fiercely.

"You don't mind?"

No, she didn't mind; it was just that at that moment she felt she hated Joe as she had never hated anybody in her life. And just as soon as her voice came back . . .

Joe fished some three-by-five cards from his pocket, handed them to Benny and they began—Benny mouthing the chemical terms and Joe responding with the formulas. It was a game they had played for years, matching authors and books, States and capitals, inventors and inventions, Latin and English . . .

"Sodium silicate?"

"NaSiO₃," Joe answered.

"Aluminium sulphate?"

"Al₂(SO₄)₃."

Yes, it was a game they had played for years. But this time—well, have you ever talked to anyone with laryngitis?

Benny whispered. Joe lowered his voice. Benny whispered. Joe spoke softly. Soon he was whispering, too.

"Alcohol?"

"C₂H₅OH," whispered Joe, and he was looking at her with a new, strange, almost drunken look in his eyes.

"Sugar?" Benny whispered plaintively, sweetly.

"C₁₂ . . . H₂₂ . . . O . . . Oh, Benny—Benita!" Joe whispered, and the books slid to the floor in a snowfall of cards. Benny's mother, pausing in the doorway, sighed and slunk happily out of sight.

"Oh, Joe!" Benny cried in a croaking, creaking scrap of her returning voice. "You'll catch my cold!"

But he didn't. Never mind the chill wind that had blown across the football field; never mind the throat-scouring cheers that had swept State to victory. Remember, instead, Benny in bed, rehearsing exactly how she would tell Joe that it was all over between them. What girl would ever want to say such a thing to the boy she loves with all her heart?

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 2, 1961

He stood up in the blind and called to the cat, feeling rather ridiculous as he did so. "Here, puss, puss, puss!" he called enticingly. "Here, kitty!" and quite distinctly he saw the small heart-shaped face with its odd looking black mask turn and look at him coolly. Then the cat shook his head, and each paw daintily in turn, stepped delicately down from the rock, and vanished.

The men turned and looked at each other, and suddenly both of them burst out laughing as they realised simultaneously how incredible their story would sound to their friends when they returned from the "wilds of the Northland," where apparently one could find Siamese cats drinking from lakes at dawn!

The cat continued on his way through the early morning mists, following the trail of the dogs, which could not have been very old, for he found a partly chewed rabbitskin near some rocks where they had evidently passed a night, and the scent was still quite sharp to the cat's acute sense of smell. They had cut across country at one point, through several miles of deep spruce and cedar swamp. It was a gloomy place, and the cat appeared uneasy, frequently glancing behind him as though he thought he were being followed. Several times he climbed a tree and crouched on a branch watching and waiting. But whatever it was he scented or imagined showed equal cunning, and never appeared.

But the cat wasn't convinced. He was wary and suspicious, and felt with every nerve in his body that something was following, something evil. An old fallen tree lay ahead of him on the deer trail he was following. He leaped on to the trunk to cross it, pausing for a brief second, then every hair on his back rose erect, for in that moment he heard quite distinctly, and felt rather than saw, the presence of the following animal—and it was not very far behind him. Without further delay the cat leaped for the trunk of a birch tree. Into view, moving with a velvet tread, came what appeared to be a large cat. But it was as different from the ordinary domestic cat as the Siamese himself was different.

THIS one was almost twice as large, chunky, and heavy, with a short bobtail and thick, furry legs. The coat was a soft grey, overlaid with a few darker spots. The head differed only from an ordinary cat in that it appeared to be framed in a ruff of hair, and the small ears had small tufts of hair on the top. It was a wild, cruel face, and it was small wonder that the Siamese was appalled by what he saw. He scrambled up the young birch tree as far as he could go and clung there, the slender trunk swaying under his weight.

The lynx, for such it was, stopped in the centre of the trail, one heavy paw lifted, gazing up at him with gleaming, curious eyes; the Siamese hissed at it like a goose, then looked quickly around, measuring his distance for escape, for it was obvious that he had encountered something that could easily outclass him in strength, ferocity, and speed.

With a light bound the lynx landed on top of the fallen tree trunk, and for another endless moment the two pairs of eyes tried to outstare each other, the Siamese making a low, eerie hissing noise, lashing his tail from side to side. The lynx leaped for the birch, straddling it easily with powerful limbs, then digging in the long claws started up the trunk toward the cat, who retreated as far as it was possible, and waited, swaying perilously now.

As the heavy weight of the lynx came nearer, the tree bent right over, and it was all that the cat could do to hold on. The lynx reached a paw out to its full length and raked at the cat, tearing a strip of the bark away. The cat struck back, but the tree was waving wildly and he lost his grip with the movement and fell.

The tree was so far bent over that he had not too far to fall, but even in that short time he twisted in the air and landed on his feet, only to hear a heavier thud a few yards away; the tree whipping back had dislodged the lynx almost at the same time, but the heavier animal had fallen with more impetus and less agility; for a split second it remained where it was, slightly winded. The cat took his advantage of that second and was off like a streak, running for his life up the narrow deer trail.

Almost immediately he heard the other animal close behind, and realised that he was losing ground. He knew it was useless to turn and fight; this was no stupid bear who could be intimidated, but a creature as remorseless and cunning as the cat could be himself to other smaller and more stupid animals. Even as he ran he must have known that flight was hopeless, too; so he leaped with desperation on to the trunk of another tree, but they were all saplings and there was little length of trunk for him to climb.

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

from page 26

This time the lynx was more cunning; he followed only halfway up, then deliberately swayed the pliant young tree from side to side, determined to shake the cat off. The situation was desperate and the cat knew it. He waited until he was on the lowest arc of the swing, then gathering up his muscles under him until he was like a coiled spring, he leaped for the ground. The lynx was almost as quick, but he missed by a hair's

breadth when the cat swerved violently, then doubled on his tracks and shot like a bullet into a rabbit burrow that opened up like some miracle in the bank before him.

The terrible claws of the lynx slashed harmlessly through the empty air. The cat forced himself into the burrow as far as he could go, and crouched there, unable to turn and face what might come, for the burrow was very narrow. The lynx, too, dropped to a crouching position, then pushed an exploratory paw into the burrow.

The cat was fortunately out of reach, so it lowered its head and

rashly applied one malevolent eye to the hole, withdrawing it quickly, however, and shaking the tawny ruffed head in baffled fury when a flurry of earth hit it full in the face—the cat's hind legs were working like pistons, hurling the earth back out of the hole. The lynx drew back, to work out his next approach.

Systematically the lynx began to dig away the earth around the entrance to the burrow with his powerful forepaws, and so engrossed was he that he failed to hear, or to scent, the soft approach of a young boy wearing a bright red jacket and cap and carrying a rifle, who had entered the bush from the fields beyond. The boy was walking softly, not because he had seen the lynx but because he

was out after a deer; he and his father, half a mile away, were walking in a parallel course with pre-arranged signals, and the boy was very excited, for this was the first time his father had considered him responsible enough to accompany him with his own rifle.

Suddenly he saw the infuriated lynx scrabbling away at the earth and heard it growling softly as a continuous hail of earth coming from an unseen source covered it. In that same instant the animal looked up and saw the boy. It crouched low, snarling, and no fear showed in its eyes, only pure hatred, although it was tense and at bay.

In a split second decision it sprang, whether for fight or flight will never be known, and in the same instant the boy raised his rifle, sighted and fired

To page 50



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"A LITTLE BUTTER ADDS A LOT OF FLAVOUR," says Mrs. Gene Austin, Home Service Supervisor, Brisbane Gas Company. "I would hate to have to cook with anything else. In fact, I regard butter as the secret of really successful cooking."



"BUTTER—OF COURSE!" says Mrs. Jean Forward, Home Service Superintendent, Gas and Fuel Corporation, Victoria. "I would never think of using anything else, either for my demonstrations or when I'm cooking for my family. The small difference in cost seems unimportant when you consider the big difference in results."



"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BUTTER," says Mrs. Lilian Newman, Home Service Supervisor, South Australian Gas Company. "I know I can depend on butter so I use nothing else. It's false economy to use cheap ingredients if your cooking is not going to taste as good or to keep as well."

GOOD COOKING BEGINS WITH BUTTER

THE GOLDEN HEART OF MILK



Beware the CHARMING child

By EDITH M. STERN

● The child who is beguiling by nature automatically wins favors from his mother—and when he grows up he expects his wife to wait on him.

HE needs special watching. Otherwise he learns to rely on his charm, instead of sturdier qualities to get him through life.

This is the kind of thing that happens:

"It's time to clear up, children," says Mother.

Three-year-old Betty obeys at once, as usual.

Four-plus Bobby howls, "I don't wanna!" and is told firmly he must.

But six-year-old Don, the best-looking and brightest of the three, puts his cheek against Mother's and says, "You're so pretty, Mum."

She doesn't notice until he

He wheedles

is in bed that his toys are still on the floor.

Flattery is only one of the deliberate ways a little charmer may use to get out of things.

Sometimes he acts so winsomely helpless that, although he is quite capable of putting on his own shoes or finding a ball he has lost, adults and even other children go to his assistance.

He may be consciously cute or playful to stall his bedtime.

He apologises

When he knows he has done something wrong, such as breaking an ornament in a forbidden place, he may apologise promptly, sweetly, and tactfully in order to deflect punishment.

Of course, charm in itself is an asset.

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● Even his looks are appealing.

It involves an attractive appearance, above-average intelligence, agreeable manners, and a lovable personality.

Children with such traits turned to good account are potential leaders.

But charm misused is dangerous, and if you permit your charming child to escape responsibility or to get more than his share of attention and possessions, he can be headed for trouble.

If he gets into the habit of cajoling and wheedling his way out of chores like watering the plants or duties like homework, he cannot develop the disciplined ways of working and studying he will need in later life.

If at the same time he uses

his way

charm to get whatever he wants in the way of food, toys, clothing, or outings, he may soon decide that it's easier to get by on his wits than to have to give something for what he receives.

During childhood, about the worst that can happen is that he will become "spoiled," and perhaps, as he grows older and less cute, he may lose his charm and develop along the same lines as other children.

Loses jobs

But in adolescence and adult life the consequences of relying solely on charm are much graver.

Not having acquired good study habits, the boy will not do nearly so well at high school or university as his intelligence warrants and therefore will be limited in the kind of work open to him.

His poor work habits may

make him lose job after job.

The grown-up charming child is a difficult marriage partner.

He is likely to expect his wife to wait on him and cater to his every whim, just as his mother did.

He has no practice in pitching in to do his share of family chores.

He tends to be careless and extravagant about money, whose value he has never learned to appreciate.

How can you help your child to benefit from, but not exploit, his charms.

Hard study

It is most important to hold him up to the same standards as any other child.

When it is bedtime, see that he goes to bed as promptly as the rest.

If he has had as much dessert or sweets as you think wise, don't let him enchant you into letting him have even a little bit more.

Firmly make him carry out any little duties he has, such as feeding a pet or helping to dry the dishes, even if brothers or sisters are willing to take over for him.

If he has reached school age, don't let him substitute

through life

endearing ways for good hard study.

Never permit him to induce you or any older brother or sister to do his homework for him, or convince you that he cannot get to it himself.

Always seek to channel into good endeavor the very same intelligence he misuses to escape duties and responsibilities.

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SPRING DIET RECIPES

● In this three-page feature are nutritious and delicious low-calorie dishes that will help you attain a slim, new figure for spring.

SELECT your own menus from the recipes on these pages, trying where possible to team the lower and higher caloric foods so a carefully balanced amount is eaten each day. This will provide sufficient nourishment, yet no excess to add to or maintain those extra pounds in weight.

The extras that non-dieters can eat-are given at the end of each dish.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight liquid ounce cup measure is used in all the recipes.

TOMATO CRAB SPECIAL (6 serves, 100 calories per serve)

Three large tomatoes, 1 medium-sized tin crab meat, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery (chopped), 6 green olives (stoned and chopped), 1 cup low-calorie mayonnaise (recipe overleaf), 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, chives or parsley, stuffed olives.

Place tomatoes in heat-proof basin, cover with boiling water. Allow to stand few moments, drain, and skin. Cut in halves crosswise, scoop out seeds, invert, and chill. Place crab meat in basin, carefully remove any pieces of shell, cut into small pieces if necessary. Mix in the eggs, celery, and olives. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the low-calorie mayonnaise with horseradish and Worcestershire sauces, pour over crab mixture, season to taste, mix well. Fill each tomato half with mixture, garnish each with sliced stuffed olive. Pour remaining mayonnaise mixture into sauceboat, sprinkle with parsley or chives and serve separately.

NON-DIETERS: Serve cooked rice mixed with French dressing and a selection of diced cooked vegetables pressed into individual moulds for shaping.

ARMENIAN LAMB (5 serves, 270 calories per serve)

One pound lean lamb (cut in lin. cubes), 1 onion, 1 clove garlic (minced), 1 cup cut beans, 1 cup chopped tomatoes, 1 green pepper (quartered), 2 carrots (sliced), 2 slices lemon, 1 medium-sized eggplant (cut in 2in. cubes), 2 zucchini or other marrow (cut in lin. cubes), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, pinch cumin or basil, pepper, salt, water to cover.

Place all ingredients in large casserole, cover tightly with lid, bake in moderate oven 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot.

NON-DIETERS: Add extra vegetables such as potatoes to this appetising dish. Serve with hot rice pilaf.

CRAB AND GRAPEFRUIT MEDLEY (4 serves, 142 calories per serve)

Two large grapefruit, one $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tin crabmeat, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, chopped parsley.

Cut grapefruit in halves, fluting edges. Remove flesh, cut into small pieces, making sure all pith is removed. Mix crab, grapefruit, lemon juice, and seasoning, moisten with tomato puree. Pile medley into grapefruit shells, garnish with chopped parsley.

Note: This medley cannot be made hours ahead of the meal, because it will go bitter on standing. It is best prepared just before serving.

NON-DIETERS: Substitute mayonnaise or well-flavored white sauce for some of the tomato puree in this recipe, and include cooked diced potato or macaroni pieces to extend crabmeat filling.



INDIVIDUAL TOMATO CUPS, filled with crabmeat and garnished with olives and sprigs of endive, make this attractive luncheon or supper dish. Serve with low-calorie rolls.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert.

MOCK VICHYSOISE (3 serves, 110 calories per serve)

One cup leeks (including some of the green tops, sliced), 2 cups water, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery seeds, 1 bayleaf, cayenne pepper, salt, 6 tablespoons non-fat powdered milk (blended with 1 cup water), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup yoghurt, chives.

Combine chopped leeks, water, bouillon cubes, celery seeds, bayleaf, salt, cayenne pepper in saucepan. Simmer gently, covered, until leeks are soft (about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour). Rub through fine sieve, add milk mixture, bring just to boiling point. Chill. Just before serving add yoghurt. Serve topped with chopped chives.

NON-DIETERS: Thick, unsweetened cream replaces yoghurt as a topping to this soup. Sliced potatoes could be added with leeks while cooking.

MUSHROOM OMELET (2 serves, 237 calories per serve)

Three or 4 eggs, 5 mushrooms sliced and sauteed in butter and lemon juice, 3 teaspoons water, 1 tablespoon butter, parsley.

Beat eggs and water with rotary beater until well mixed but not frothy. Heat omelet pan slowly, add butter. Do not brown butter. Pour in egg mixture, stir with fork until mixture begins to set. Fold omelet in halves with help of fork. Arrange heated mushrooms on top. Garnish with sprig of parsley, serve at once.

NON-DIETERS: This is a nourishing dish in itself, but can be made more substantial by being served with buttered toast or crumpets.

BEEF n' mushroom medley, an appetising main-course dish, can be used as a base for many interesting variations. See recipe overleaf.



STUFFED FISH ROLLS (4 serves, 218 calories per serve)

Two tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped mushrooms, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch thyme, pepper, 4 fillets sole or flounder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine, juice of 1 lemon.

Saute mushrooms and onion with butter in heavy pan. Add parsley, salt, thyme, pepper. Place little of mushroom mixture on each fillet, sprinkle with lemon juice. Roll up, secure with toothpicks. Place fillet rolls into well-greased casserole; pour over tomato sauce and wine. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

NON-DIETERS: Add cooked rice or soft breadcrumbs to stuffing mixture. Serve these rolls with bland-flavored fried or pilaf rice.

ICED CUCUMBER SOUP (4 serves, 20 calories per serve)

One large cucumber, 1 chopped onion, 1 pint stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gelatine, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped mint, juice of 1 lemon.

Grate cucumber and add to saucepan with the stock and onion. Bring to boil, simmer 15 minutes. Remove from heat, pour into bowl. Soften gelatine in 2 tablespoons of cold water, dissolve over low heat. Add to soup, stirring constantly, add seasonings, mint, and lemon juice. Allow to cool and set. Serve in glass plates over crushed ice.

NON-DIETERS: Substitute cream or evaporated milk for half the stock, and serve soup with an extra dollop of whipped cream or cream cheese flavored with chopped chives.

LAMB AND MARROW LOAF (5 serves, 255 calories per serve)

One pound lean raw minced lamb, 1 finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped parsley, 1 beaten egg, pinch thyme, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. zucchini or other marrow (unpeeled), 2 sliced tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Combine in bowl the minced lamb, onion, parsley, beaten egg; season with thyme, salt, pepper. Place alternate layers of meat mixture and sliced zucchini in greased loaf-tin. Top with slices tomato and water, season with salt, pepper. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Serve hot.

NON-DIETERS: Sprinkle grated cheese over surface of loaf before baking. Serve with buttered noodles.

FISH AND MUSHROOM BAKE (4 serves, 75 calories per serve)

Four large fish fillets, salt, pepper, paprika, 1 pint fish or chicken stock, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint liquefied non-fat milk, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms, chopped parsley, little butter.

Place fillets into greased casserole, season. Blend flour and stock, add milk and sauce. Pour over fillets, arrange mushrooms on top, dot with butter, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Cover with lid, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

NON-DIETERS: Mounds of fluffy mashed potatoes, tomato halves, and buttered peas could accompany the above recipe.

Continued overleaf

LOW - CALORIE



Fresh Fruit . . .

Ribboned Pineapple Cake . . .

Parsley Pinetail . . .

Seafood Caper De Luxe . . .

● Enjoy these delicious low-calorie main dishes, desserts, cakes and drinks, and at the same time calculate how much weight you should lose by using our special handbag calorie counter on pages 35 and 36. It makes dieting easy.

SEAFOOD CAPER DE LUXE (6 serves, 91 calories per serve)

One pound shelled prawns or lobster meat, 1 cup sliced celery, 2 teaspoons capers, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup low-calorie mayonnaise, crisp lettuce.

In large bowl, combine seafood, celery, capers, monosodium glutamate, pepper, and lemon rind. To serve fold in mayonnaise and spoon into lettuce leaves.

Low-calorie mayonnaise: One teaspoon gelatine, water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquefied non-fat powdered milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 sweetening pellet dissolved in 1 teaspoon water.

Soften gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water, dissolve over hot water. Combine all ingredients, adding dissolved sweetening pellet to taste, and chill until almost set. Beat until fluffy with rotary beater, allow to set, beat again. Before serving, stir vigorously, thinning with milk or lemon juice according to taste.

NON-DIETERS: Add diced cooked potato or rice to this dish and replace the low-calorie mayonnaise with thick oil mayonnaise.

BAKED EGGS IN TOMATO SHELLS (4 serves, 110 calories per serve)

Four large tomatoes, 4 eggs slightly beaten and seasoned, chopped parsley.

Cut tops off the tomatoes and remove all pulp. Pour egg mixture into tomato shells, replace tops. Place into greased casserole, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Notes: Flaked fish, anchovy sauce, onion, or mushrooms can be added to egg mixture.

NON-DIETERS: Add chopped ham or bacon and grated cheese to the egg additions. Serve on bed of spaghetti, macaroni, or sweet corn in white sauce.

SHERRIED BEETS (3 serves, 55 calories per serve)

Two tablespoons dry sherry, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, dash cinnamon, pepper, salt, 1 sweetening pellet, 1 cup cooked beetroot (sliced or cubed).

Boil together in saucepan the sherry, water, orange rind, lemon juice, cinnamon, pepper, salt, and pellet for 3 minutes. Stir in beetroot and reheat. Serve hot.

NON-DIETERS: Dot generously with butter or garnish with dollop of sour cream.

CALIFORNIAN SALAD (4 serves, 108 calories per serve)

One cucumber, 3 stalks celery, 2 red apples, 1 banana, 4 tomatoes, salt, pepper, juice 1 lemon, low-calorie mayonnaise (see recipe for Seafood Caper de Luxe), lettuce.

Dice cucumber and celery, slice the apples, banana, and tomatoes. Sprinkle tomatoes and cucumber with salt, pepper. Pour lemon juice over apples and banana. Mix all ingredients together, mask lightly with the low-calorie mayonnaise. Arrange on bed of lettuce.

NON-DIETERS: Prepare separate salad plate of potato salad or cooked lima beans tossed in mayonnaise and serve with above recipe.

KIDNEYS IN RED WINE (3 serves, 130 calories per serve)

Four lamb's kidneys, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms, 2 shallots, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, chopped parsley.

Prepare and slice kidneys, mushrooms, and shallots, place in saucepan. Season, add the stock and wine, bring slowly to boil, simmer until tender. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

NON-DIETERS: Serve this dish with savory rice pilaf or on crisp golden waffles or toasted crumpets.

EGGS EN COCOTTE (222 calories per serve)

One egg per person, 1oz. grated cheese per person, butter for greasing, salt, pepper.

Lightly grease individual ovenproof dishes. Break an egg into each, season. Bake in moderately hot oven 5 to 7 minutes. Remove, sprinkle with cheese, then brown quickly under griller. Serve with Melba toast.

NON-DIETERS: Use thick slices of buttered toast and serve the egg with slices of crisp bacon or grilled sausages.

LAMB NAVARIN (8 servings, 254 calories per serve)

Two pounds lamb for stewing, 2 carrots, 1 turnip, 1 onion, 1 clove of garlic (crushed), 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint meat or vegetable stock, 1 tablespoon flour.

Trim fat from meat, cut into even-sized pieces. Cut carrot and turnip into 2in. strips, slice the onion. Put all ingredients into greased casserole, sprinkle over the flour and herbs. Add stock, bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Serve with low-calorie vegetables.

NON-DIETERS: Small new potatoes can also be cooked in the casserole at same time as meat, or topping of mashed potato can be placed over the dish, dotted with butter and cheese and browned lightly before serving.

BEEF 'N MUSHROOM MEDLEY (6 servings, 320 calories per serve)

Two pounds lean topside steak, 1 onion (chopped), $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano or thyme, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, little seasoned flour, 1 slice lean bacon (diced), 1oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms (sliced), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. baby carrots or sliced carrots, 6 small onions, chopped parsley.

Mince steak finely, combine with chopped onion, seasonings, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the wine. Mix well, shape into small balls, roll each in little seasoned flour. Place bacon in pan with shortening, cook until clear. Remove, drain, add meat balls to remaining fat and fry until brown on all sides. Add mushrooms, carrots, and onions, cook 5 minutes. Return bacon to pan, pour over extra wine or stock, cover and simmer over low heat until vegetables and meat balls are cooked. Serve hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley.

NON-DIETERS: Cook pieces of potato with the other vegetables in this casserole and use extra flour and stock to make more sauce for those who require a larger helping.

SAVORY LIVER AND MUSHROOM SLICES (6 serves, 250 calories per serve)

One and a half pounds lamb's fry or liver, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons water, 2 cups sliced carrots, 1 cup diced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh or tinned mushrooms.

Cut liver into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slices. Mix flour, salt, and pepper together, coat both sides of liver. Brown in heated butter, arrange vegetables and mushrooms over top, pour over water. Cover, cook slowly 40 minutes.

NON-DIETERS: Mashed or fried potatoes, fluffy white rice, or slices of crisp bacon and gravy made from pan drippings will help to make this recipe more substantial.

COFFEE FOAM (4 serves, 10 calories per serve)

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 and 1-3rd cups strong hot coffee, 6 sweetening pellets, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Soften gelatine in cold water, stir into coffee, and mix until gelatine is dissolved. Chill until beginning to set. Whip until very fluffy. Fold in vanilla and crushed pellets. Pour into oiled or wetted mould, chill until firm (about 2 hours). Unmould, serve.

NON-DIETERS: Use strong milk coffee or serve with scoops of ice-cream and pour over chocolate sauce.

DELICACIES



Red Velvet . . .

Cheese Rounds . . .

Savory Liver and Mushroom Slices . . .

Apricot Drift . . .

PARSLEY PINETALE

(4 glasses, 60 calories per glass)

Two cups pineapple juice, 1 cup parsley sprigs, 2 cups cracked ice.

Combine all ingredients in electric blender, mix well. Serve at once in frosted or colored glass.

NON-DIETERS: No substitute for this drink is necessary because it has a refreshing taste and is full of vitamins.

RIBBONED PINEAPPLE CAKE

(10 serves, 124 calories per serve)

One ounce gelatine, 4 sweetening pellets, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs separated, 1 small tin diabetic crushed pineapple, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1-3rd cup water, 1-3rd cup dry non-fat milk, 4oz. grated diabetic chocolate.

In top of double boiler, mix together gelatine, pellets, and salt. Beat egg-yolks lightly; stir in pineapple; add to gelatine mixture. Cook over boiling water, stir constantly until gelatine is dissolved. Remove from heat, place in refrigerator until almost set. Meanwhile combine egg-whites, lemon juice, water, non-fat milk (dry). Beat with electric beater until stiff (5 to 6 minutes); fold in pineapple mixture. Spoon 1-3rd pineapple mixture into loaf-tin; top with 1-3rd of grated chocolate; repeat these layers until all ingredients are used. Chill before serving.

NON-DIETERS: Whipped sweetened cream and perhaps extra grated sweet chocolate will make a pound-producing dessert of this pretty cake.

CHEESE ROUNDS

(Makes 24 biscuits, 54 calories per biscuit)

One sweetening pellet, 3 dessertspoons liquefied non-fat powdered milk, 1 cup flour, 1 cup grated cheese, 2oz. soft butter or substitute, poppy seeds or chutney.

Dissolve pellet in milk. Sift flour, add cheese, then using 2 dinner knives cut butter into flour and cheese until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Stir in sweetened milk. Shape mixture into long roll about 2in. wide; chill 1 hour. Using greased knife, cut roll into $\frac{1}{4}$ in-thick slices, place on greased oven-tray. Sprinkle with poppy seeds or add dab of chutney. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

NON-DIETERS: Use full-cream powdered milk in this recipe and serve 2 biscuits instead of 1.

APRICOT DRIFT

(6 serves, 68 calories per serve)

Two cups unsweetened apricot puree, 5 to 6 sweetening pellets, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1-3rd cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites, glaze cherries.

Combine apricot puree, pellets, lemon rind, orange and lemon juice, beat well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Chill and serve, garnished with a cherry.

NON-DIETERS: Apricot puree sweetened with sugar or honey and served with ice-cream or whipped sweetened cream makes a substantial dessert of this recipe.

RED VELVET

(4 small glasses, each 70 calories)

One cup yoghurt, 1 cup tomato juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery seeds or salt, lemon wedge, parsley.

Mix together by hand or electric blender the yoghurt and tomato juice. Add celery seeds or salt. Chill, serve with lemon and parsley.

NON-DIETERS: Fresh cream or evaporated milk could be used instead of yoghurt.

SLIM JANE ICE-CREAM

(6 serves, 49 calories per serve)

One and a half cups liquefied non-fat powdered milk, 6 sweetening pellets, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 teaspoons vanilla, pinch salt.

Scald half the milk, add pellets, pour over beaten egg-yolks. Sprinkle gelatine over remaining milk. Combine with hot milk mixture, stir until dissolved. Add vanilla and salt, allow to cool. Pour into freezing-tray, freeze until just firm. Remove from tray into chilled bowl. Beat until free from lumps. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Return to tray, freeze until firm.

NON-DIETERS: Serve double scoops of this ice-cream with topping of rich chocolate or butterscotch sauce.

BAKED APPLES

(4 serves, 83 calories per serve)

Four apples, water, juice 2 oranges, 3 cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, pinch ground ginger, 2 teaspoons grated orange peel, 4 sweetening pellets.

Wash and core apples, peel off top quarter of skin from apples. Arrange in greased ovenproof dish with lid, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Cover, bake in moderately hot oven about 20 minutes or until apples are tender. Prepare sauce: Combine in saucepan the orange juice, cloves, cinnamon, ginger, orange peel; simmer uncovered until reduced by half. Remove cloves, add pellets; mix well. Spoon little sauce over each apple, serve hot or cold.

NON-DIETERS: Fill core section of apples with mixture of brown sugar, raisins, and chocolate pieces before baking. Serve with cream.

MOCHA SOUFFLE

(6 serves, 87 calories per serve)

One and a half dessertspoons butter (melted), 11 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup liquefied non-fat skim milk, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 3 eggs, 11 teaspoons coffee powder or essence, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 6 sweetening pellets.

Melt butter in saucepan over low heat, add flour; mix well. Stir in milk, cook over medium heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Fold in cocoa and coffee powder; mix well. Beat egg-yolks, gradually beat into mixture. Beat egg-whites and cream of tartar together until stiff, fold into chocolate mixture, add sweetening pellets. Pour into ovenware dish, bake in shallow pan of hot water in moderate oven 45 minutes until firm.

NON-DIETERS: Whipped sweetened cream lightly flavored with rum would make an excellent accompaniment to this hot dessert.

POIRES MADRILENES

(4 servings, 77 calories per serve)

Two large pears, 2 oz. skinned and seeded grapes, 1 cup diabetic apricot puree, 1 teaspoon arrowroot blended in little water, juice 1 lemon, little red wine (optional).

Skin, halve, and core pears, fill with the grapes. Thicken puree with arrowroot and add lemon juice, cool, pour over pears and grapes. Serve chilled.

Note: The red wine can be added to fruit sauce. Fresh peaches also can be used in same way.

NON-DIETERS: Serve each pear half on square of sponge cake with decoration of whipped cream.

ORANGE DELIGHT

(4 serves, 93 calories per serve)

Two large oranges, 1 cup yoghurt, 2 egg-whites. Cut oranges in halves, remove flesh, then cut into small pieces and combine with yoghurt. Refill orange shells with this mixture. Stiffly beat egg-whites, pile on top of shells. Brown under grill. Serve at once.

NON-DIETERS: Add chopped raisins and brown sugar or honey to yoghurt mixture, sprinkle jelly crystals or colored sugar over egg-whites before grilling.

RASPBERRY PETAL DESSERTS

(6 serves, 20 calories per serve)

One packet raspberry or strawberry-flavored diabetic jelly crystals, hot water, 2 egg-whites, pinch each salt and cream of tartar, fresh strawberries or raspberries to garnish.

Place jelly crystals in basin, make up with hot water according to directions on packet. Stir until crystals are dissolved, set aside until beginning to thicken. Whip egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar and salt, fold into jelly. Pour mixture into individual sweets dishes, chill. Garnish with 4 or 5 whole raspberries or strawberries, serve.

NON-DIETERS: Use sugar-flavored jelly crystals and serve with scoops of plain or strawberry-flavored ice-cream or whipped cream.

LEMON BARBECUED CHICKEN

(6 servings, 173 calories per serve)

One tender chicken (about 3lb.), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 1oz. melted butter, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 small onion (grated), $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each dried rosemary, marjoram, and thyme, lemon slices to garnish.

Cut chicken into joints, place in baking-dish or large bowl. Combine lemon juice and melted butter, stir in garlic, onion, seasonings. Pour over chicken, cover, allow to stand several hours. When ready to cook, remove chicken pieces from marinade, grill slowly until tender, brushing with marinating liquid from time to time. Arrange cooked chicken pieces in large foil-lined basket, garnish with extra lemon slices. Pour any remaining sauce into bowl; serve separately.

NON-DIETERS: Use extra butter for marinade mixture and serve this chicken dish with mashed-potato rosettes, fried corn puffs, or hot savory scones and vegetables.

Cookery Course

CURRY

—dry and moist mixtures

CURRY is a highly spiced stew served dry or moist according to taste. It is an excellent dish for the busy housewife, because it can be prepared ahead and reheats well.

A curry is a very practical and economical dish. It can be made with raw or cooked meat, poultry and rabbit, or any leftovers, all types of seafoods, a variety of vegetables, and many of the tinned, frozen, and packaged foods.

FLAVORINGS

A variety of ready-mixed curry powders and pastes can be bought in Australia as well as a wide selection of spices for those who prefer to make their own. The flavor of the spices deteriorates when exposed to the air, so it is wise to buy small quantities and keep these in tightly sealed containers.

The amount of curry powder used varies according to individual taste, but 1½ dessertspoons per pound of meat or per pint of liquid for sauces should be sufficient. Slightly less is needed for fish and vegetables.

Below are listed the seasonings most commonly used in the making of curries.

Cardamon: Slightly bitter-tasting seeds from a plant of the ginger family. An essential ingredient in curry powder.

Cinnamon: Made from the inner bark of a tropical tree grown mainly in Ceylon, this golden brown spice is well known.

Cloves: Dried flower buds from a shrub of the myrtle family, native of the Spice Islands. Flavor is strong and aromatic.

Coriander: One of the oldest herbs, originally grown in Morocco. Dried seeds are used for flavoring.

Cumin: Small highly flavored seeds resembling caraway seeds in appearance. Grown in most parts of the world.

Fenugreek: Also known as bird's foot or Greek hayseed. Seeds of this plant are in elongated pods resembling string beans.

Ginger: Well-known spice which is dried root of ginger plant. Widely grown and has many uses with both savory and sweet dishes.

Mustard Seed: Small yellow seeds with hot spicy flavor.

Sesame Seed: Nut-flavored seed, grown mainly in Egypt and South America.

Turmeric: Roots of a West Indian plant, dried and crushed into yellow powder similar to ginger in flavor.

Bayleaves: Dried leaves of the bay tree, used as flavoring agent in many savory dishes. Usually added whole and discarded before serving.

POWDER AND PASTE

Here are the recipes for ambitious cooks who wish to make their own curry powder and paste:

CURRY POWDER

One ounce coriander seeds, 1oz. caraway seeds, 1oz. turmeric, ½oz. cumin seeds, ½oz. black peppercorns, ½oz. cinnamon, ½oz. ginger, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cardamon seeds, 1 teaspoon fenugreek, pinch mace, chilli powder to taste.

Grind all ingredients well in electric blender or with mortar and pestle.

TYPICAL RECIPES FOR CURRY

• Here are two curry recipes which include raw or cooked meat, dried and fresh fruit and vegetables as the principal ingredients.

MUTTON MANDALAY

Three onions, 1 clove garlic, 2oz. butter, 1½ dessertspoons curry powder, pepper, salt, 1lb. cooked cubed mutton or lamb, 2 cups stock or water, juice of 1 lemon.

Slice onions and garlic, fry in melted butter until light brown. Stir in curry powder, pepper, salt. Mix well, add stock or water, simmer about 20 minutes. Then add the meat, simmer further 20 minutes or until meat is soft and thoroughly reheated. Add lemon juice just before serving. Thicken as directed above.

Note: This curry should stand overnight, because this allows the meat to absorb thoroughly the curry flavor.

BEEF DOPIAZA

Two ounces butter, 1½lb. cubed steak, 3 onions (sliced), 1 tablespoon curry powder (according to taste), 2 tablespoons raisins, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 banana (diced), 1 apple (diced), salt and pepper, juice of 1 lemon.

Melt butter in saucepan, add meat, fry until golden brown. Remove, set aside, add onions to butter in pan, and cook until golden. Drain and set aside, add curry powder, raisins, coconut, bananas, and apples to pan. Bring this mixture to boil, then stir in meat, onions, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Cover, simmer very gently 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Stir from time to time to prevent mixture sticking.

Next week: How to make cakes.

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Your daily calories: Here is an easy method of calculating your necessary daily calorie intake.

Determine the average weight for your height (see tables below). Multiply the number of pounds by 16 if your work is sedentary, 18 if it is fairly active, 20 if very active, and 25 to 34 if you do heavy work. The result is the number of calories needed to maintain your ideal weight. Cutting that number by only 500 a day—3500 a week—will reduce you by a pound a week, a safe rate of reducing for a healthy adult.

(There are 14 pounds in a stone. Seven stone is 98lb., eight stone is 112lb., nine stone is 126lb., 10 stone is 140lb., 11 stone is 154lb., 12 stone is 168lb., 13 stone is 182lb., 14 stone is 196lb., 15 stone is 210lb.)

Ideal Weights for Women*

L—Light frame. A—Average frame. B—Big frame.

AGE GROUPS															
HEIGHT	21-24			25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	99	108	121	101	110	123	103	112	125	103	112	125	103	111	124
4' 10"	101	110	123	103	112	125	105	114	127	105	114	127	105	113	126
4' 11"	103	112	125	105	114	127	107	116	129	107	116	129	107	115	128
5' 0"	105	114	127	107	116	129	109	118	131	109	118	131	109	117	130
5' 1"	107	116	128	109	118	130	111	120	132	111	120	132	111	119	131
5' 2"	110	119	133	112	121	135	114	123	137	114	123	137	114	122	136
5' 3"	112	123	134	114	125	136	116	127	138	116	127	138	116	126	137
5' 4"	116	126	141	118	128	143	120	130	145	120	130	145	120	129	144
5' 5"	119	130	142	121	132	144	123	134	146	123	134	146	123	133	145
5' 6"	123	134	150	125	136	152	127	138	154	127	138	154	127	137	153
5' 7"	127	138	152	129	140	154	131	142	156	131	142	156	131	141	155
5' 8"	131	142	158	133	144	160	135	146	162	135	146	162	135	145	161
5' 9"	134	146	161	136	148	163	138	150	165	138	150	165	138	149	164

AGE GROUPS															
HEIGHT	45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64			65-70		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4' 9"	103	110	123	102	109	122	101	108	121	98	105	117	95	102	114
4' 10"	105	112	125	104	111	124	103	110	123	100	107	119	97	104	116
4' 11"	107	114	127	106	113	126	105	112	125	102	109	121	99	106	118
5' 0"	109	116	129	108	115	128	107	114	127	104	111	123	101	108	120
5' 1"	111	118	130	110	117	129	109	116	128	106	113	124	103	110	121
5' 2"	114	121	135	113	120	134	112	119	133	109	116	129	106	113	126
5' 3"	116	125	136	115	124	135	114	123	134	111	120	130	108	117	127
5' 4"	120	128	143	119	127	142	118	126	141	115	123	137	112	120	134
5' 5"	123	132	144	122	131	143	121	130	142	118	127	138	115	124	135
5' 6"	127	136	152	126	135	151	125	134	150	122	131	146	119	128	143
5' 7"	131	140	154	130	139	153	129	138	152	126	135	148	123	132	145
5' 8"	135	144	160	134	143	159	133	142	158	130	139	154	127	136	151
5' 9"	138	148	163	137	147	162	136	146	161	133	143	157	130	140	155

● The average daily calorific need depends on height, weight, and occupation (see charts). To maintain ideal weight a typist needs about 1900 calories daily, a housewife from 2000-2700, bus conductress or laundress, 2500-3000, a shop assistant, 2000. To lose 1lb. a week you must cut your eating down by 500 calories a day. This is not harmful.

BEVERAGES		1 slice Wholemeal Bread, 3in. x 4in. x 1/2in.	
Apple Cider, 8oz. glass	100	1 small Bread Roll, restaurant size	100
Cocoa (all milk), breakfast cup, 8oz.	300	1 slice Bun Loaf with raisins or sultanas	75
Cocoa (half milk, half water), breakfast cup, 8oz.	200	1 slice Melba Toast, 3in. x 4in. x 1/2in.	25
Coffee	0	1 Yeast Bun, 2 1/2in. diameter	140
(Add 25 calories for each dessertspoon milk used; add 25 calories each teaspoon sugar used.)		1 Plain Biscuit	40
Lemonade, 8oz. glass	175	1 Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuit	42
Malted Milk, plain (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	250	1 Thin Captain Biscuit	27
Malted Milk, chocolate (no ice-cream), 8oz. glass	400	1 Vita-Weat Biscuit	23
Malted Milk with chocolate and ice-cream, 8oz. glass	600	1 Ry-ita Biscuit	29
Milk, 8oz. glass	200	1 Sweet Biscuit, plain	50
Ovaltine, 8oz. cup	300	CONDIMENTS AND SAUCES	
Orangeade, 8oz. glass	175	Apple Sauce, 4oz.	100
Soda Water	0	Chilli Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Tea	0	Chocolate Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Water	0	Cream Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	35
Tonic Water, 8oz. glass	175	French Dressing, 1 dessertspoonful	100
(Add calories for milk and sugar as in coffee.)		Gravy (thick), 1 dessertspoonful	50
BATTER FOODS		Gravy (thin), 1 dessertspoonful	35
(Calorie count does not include the number in butter, jam, sugar, or syrup served with batter foods.)		Hard Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
1 Pancake, 6in. diameter	125	Hollandaise Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
1 Pikelet, 3in. diameter	65	Horseradish Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
1 Waffle, 3in. diameter	200	Mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoonful	100
1 Crumpet, 3in. diameter	175	Mustard, 1 teaspoonful	10
BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS		Tartare Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
1 slice White Bread, 3in. x 4in. x 1/2in.	80	Thousand Island, 1 dessertspoonful	100
		Melted Butter Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	100
		Tomato Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	5
		Vinegar	0
		White Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	35

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IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR MEN*

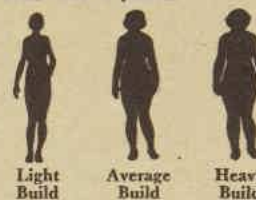
L—Light frame. A—Average Frame. B—Big frame.

HEIGHT	AGE GROUPS											
	25-29			30-34			35-39			40-44		
	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B	L	A	B
4'11"	110	116	138	112	118	140	112	118	140	112	117	139
5'0"	112	118	140	114	120	142	114	120	142	114	119	141
5'1"	114	120	142	116	122	144	116	122	144	116	121	143
5'2"	115	123	143	117	125	145	117	125	145	117	124	144
5'3"	118	126	146	120	128	148	120	128	148	120	127	147
5'4"	122	130	150	124	132	152	124	132	152	124	131	151
5'5"	125	134	154	127	136	156	127	136	156	127	135	155
5'6"	130	138	159	132	140	161	132	140	161	132	139	160
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5'9"	140	150	173	143	153	176	143	153	176	143	152	175
5'10"	143	155	178	146	158	181	146	158	181	146	157	180
5'11"	149	161	185	152	164	188	152	164	188	152	163	187
6'0"	154	167	190	157	170	193	157	170	193	157	169	192
6'1"	159	173	193	162	176	196	162	176	196	162	175	195
6'2"	164	178	195	168	182	203	168	182	203	168	181	202
45-49			50-54			55-59			60-64			
4'11"	112	116	138	111	115	137	110	114	136	107	111	132
5'0"	114	118	140	113	117	139	112	116	138	109	113	134
5'1"	116	120	142	115	119	141	114	118	140	111	115	136
5'2"	117	123	143	116	122	142	115	121	141	112	118	137
5'3"	120	126	146	119	125	145	118	124	144	115	121	140
5'4"	124	130	150	123	129	149	122	128	148	119	125	144
5'5"	127	134	154	126	133	153	125	132	152	122	129	148
5'6"	132	138	159	131	137	158	130	136	157	127	133	153
5'7"	135	142	163	134	141	162	133	140	161	130	137	157
5'8"	138	146	167	137	145	166	136	144	165	133	141	161
5'9"	143	151	174	142	150	173	141	149	172	138	146	168
5'10"	146	156	179	145	155	178	144	154	177	141	151	173
5'11"	152	162	186	151	161	185	150	160	184	147	157	180
6'0"	157	168	191	156	167	190	155	166	189	152	163	185
6'1"	162	174	194	161	173	193	160	172	192	157	169	188
6'2"	168	180	201	167	179	200	166	178	199	163	175	195

* Undressed. For clothing and shoes allow 8 pounds.

BUILD GUIDE FOR WOMEN

● You can generally tell at a glance whether a person has a light, average, or a big frame. But there is room for doubt with overweight people padded out with fat. There are seven parts of the body which vary noticeably in skeletons—shoulders, chest, pelvis, hips, wrists, knees, and ankles. If you are large in the majority of them you fit into the large-frame group. Wrists that measure 6 1/2" or under show you are in the light-frame classification.



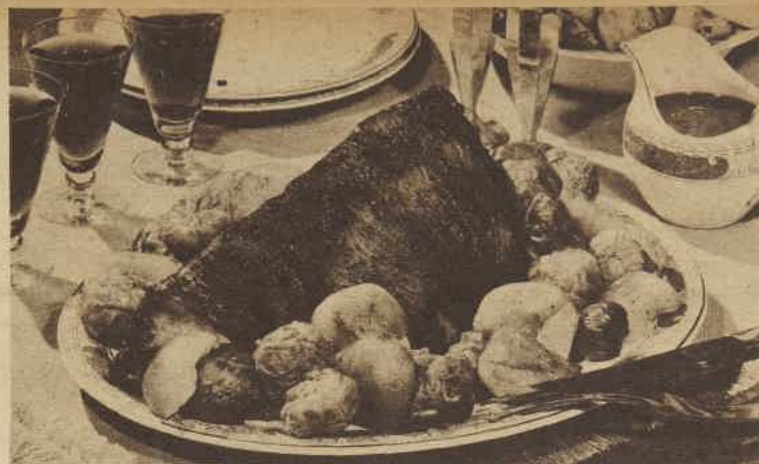
FOLD ALONG DOTTED LINES

CEREALS		PIES	
Vita-Bits, 1 cup	57	Apple, 1 slice	300
Scott's Oatmeal, 8oz. cup, cooked	200	Apricot, 1 slice	300
Roll-Oats, dry, 8oz. cup	425	(Pie slices are one-sixth of a 9in. diameter pie 1 1/2in. thick.)	
Roll-Oats, cooked, 8oz. cup	200	DESSERTS	
Rice Bubbles, 1oz.	110	Yogurt, 8oz. glass	75
Cornflakes, 1oz.	112	Milk (skinned), 8oz. glass	100
Cornflakes, 1 oz.	114	Cream, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Breakfast Biscuits, 1	107	Butter, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Gran Flakes, 1oz.	109	Cream Cheese, 1 dessertspoonful	25
All-Bran, 1oz.	97	Processed (packed) Cheeses, 1oz.	104
(Calorie count does not include the number in the milk and sugar used with cereal.)		Gorgonzola, 1oz.	60
PUDDINGS		Swiss (Gruyere), 1oz.	125
Apple Dumpling, 1 medium size	300	Edam, 1oz.	120
Apple Dumpling, 1 slice	450	CHEDDAR—Cheddar, 1oz.	110
Rhubarb, 1 slice	350	CAKES	
Peach, 1 slice	375	Worcestershire Sauce, 1 dessertspoonful	10
Mince (fruit), 1 slice	300	DAIRY PRODUCTS	
Leimon Meringue, 1 slice	375	Butter, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Butterscotch, 1 slice	350	Cream, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Banana Custard, 1 slice	350	Butter, 1 dessertspoonful	100
Apricot, 1 slice	350	Cream Cheese, 1 dessertspoonful	25
Apple, 1 slice	300	Processed (packed) Cheeses, 1oz.	104
(Pie slices are one-sixth of a 9in. diameter pie 1 1/2in. thick.)		Gorgonzola, 1oz.	60
		Swiss (Gruyere), 1oz.	125
		Edam, 1oz.	120
		CHEDDAR—Cheddar, 1oz.	110

VEGETABLES		POULTRY	
Brussels Sprouts, 4oz.	56	Veal, roast, 3oz.	190
Broccoli, 8oz. cup	45	Veal Stew, 8oz. cup	240
Beans, French, 8oz. cup	25	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Butter Beans, 8oz. cup	200	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Asparagus, spears, 5 large	15	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Asparagus, cuts, 8oz. cup	40	Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150
FOODS YOU MUST EAT EVERY DAY TO DIET AND BE HEALTHY		Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
1 pint milk, 1 egg, 4oz. meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 1 1/2 slices wholemeal bread, 1 cup cereal, 1 serving green or yellow vegetables, 1 serving citrus fruit, 1 piece of other fruit, 3 teaspoons butter or other fat.		Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
		Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110
SOUP		Eggplant, medium slice	30
Vegetable and Beef or Lamb Stock, 8oz. cup	175	Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Vegetable, 8oz. cup	150	Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Tomato Bouillon, 8oz. cup	30	Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Tomato Soup, 8oz. cup	75	Choko, 4oz.	36
Potato, 8oz. cup	200	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Pea Soup, 8oz. cup	145	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Onion, French, 8oz. cup	125	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Onion, creamed, 8oz. cup	200	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Leek Soup, 8oz. cup	250	Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150
Consommé, clear, 8oz. cup	35	Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
Chicken Noodle, 8oz. cup	100	Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
Chicken Broth, 8oz. cup	50	Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110
Bouillon, cubes, 1 cube	2	Eggplant, medium slice	30
Potatoes, baked, 4oz.	250	Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Potatoes, boiled, 4oz.	90	Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Potatoes, fried, 4oz.	120	Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Peas, 8oz. cup	90	Choko, 4oz.	36
Peas, 8oz. cup	90	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Parsnips, 8oz. cup	95	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Onions, fried, 8oz. cup	300	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Onions, boiled, 8oz. cup	80	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Mushrooms, 8oz. cup	25	Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150
Marrow, 4oz.	4	Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
Lettuce, medium heart	20	Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
Leek (1)	45	Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110
Kohlrabi, 8oz. cup	5	Eggplant, medium slice	30
Endive, half head	10	Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Cucumber, long green, medium size	10	Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Corn on the cob, medium size	85	Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140	Choko, 4oz.	36
Choko, 4oz.	36	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Carrots, 8oz. cup	50	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150
Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150	Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150	Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
Duck, roasted, half medium size	700	Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110
Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110	Eggplant, medium slice	30
Eggplant, medium slice	30	Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Cucumber, long green, medium size	10	Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Corn on the cob, medium size	85	Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140	Choko, 4oz.	36
Choko, 4oz.	36	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Carrots, 8oz. cup	50	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150
Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150	Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150	Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
Duck, roasted, half medium size	700	Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110
Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110	Eggplant, medium slice	30
Eggplant, medium slice	30	Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Cucumber, long green, medium size	10	Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Corn on the cob, medium size	85	Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140	Choko, 4oz.	36
Choko, 4oz.	36	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Carrots, 8oz. cup	50	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150
Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150	Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150	Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
Duck, roasted, half medium size	700	Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110
Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110	Eggplant, medium slice	30
Eggplant, medium slice	30	Cucumber, long green, medium size	10
Cucumber, long green, medium size	10	Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Corn on the cob, medium size	85	Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140	Choko, 4oz.	36
Choko, 4oz.	36	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Carrots, 8oz. cup	50	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150
Chickens, roasted, half medium size	150	Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150
Chicken, roasted, half medium size	150	Duck, roasted, half medium size	700
Duck, roasted, half medium size	700	Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110
Turkey, roasted, 1 slice 4 1/2in. x 2 1/2in.	110	Eggplant, medium slice	30
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Cucumber, long green, medium size	10	Corn on the cob, medium size	85
Corn on the cob, medium size	85	Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140
Corn, kernels, 8oz. cup	140	Choko, 4oz.	36
Choko, 4oz.	36	Celery, 6 stalks	15
Celery, 6 stalks	15	Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25
Cauliflower, 8oz. cup	25	Carrots, 8oz. cup	50
Carrots, 8oz. cup	50	Celery, 6 stalks	15

CANNED FRUITS RECIPE CONTEST

● This week we publish the first three progress prizewinners of £10 each in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest. These were selected from the thousands of recipes already received from readers.



GINGER PORK WITH PEARS is a substantial dish for a main course. Recipe below.

Recipes for the types of dishes listed below are eligible.

SOUP.
ENTREE OR SAVORY.
MEAT OR FISH DISH.
**HOT OR COLD PUD-
DING.**
ANY SWEETS COURSE
DISH, including pastry and
cake suitable to serve as
dessert.

Pears, peaches, and apricots used as ingredients in all recipes entered in this contest should be canned, not fresh.

They can be whole, halved, or sliced fruits. Cans of the unsweetened or sweetened fruit pulp and the diabetic diet varieties are also suitable to use as ingredients.

To simplify judging, please use level spoon measurements and the eight liquid ounce cup measure in all recipes submitted.

Type or write each recipe clearly, using a separate sheet for each one. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet.

Send entries to:

Canned Fruits Recipe Contest,
Box 5252, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Below are the first three progress prizes.

Section 1: Pears

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. M. Dennis, 10 Bruarong Ave., Frankston, Vic.

GINGER PORK WITH PEARS

One tablespoon mixed herbs (fresh or dried), 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 3 to 4lb. loin pork, 1 large sliced onion, 1 large can pear halves, 1 cup burgundy or claret, 1 cup pear juice.

Blend together herbs, honey, salt, and ginger, brush over surface of joint. Place pork in shallow baking-dish, lay the sliced onion over top. Roast in slow oven 2 hours. Remove from oven, arrange drained pear halves round roast, baste all with pan juices. Return to moderate oven, bake further 30 minutes. When ready to serve,

remove roast and pears to warm serving-dish, scraping the onion-ginger topping into the baking-dish. Blend topping into the drippings, add wine and pear juice to make fruity gravy.

Section 2: Peaches

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. H. Rice, c/o Post Office, Biggenden, Qld.

PEACHY CREAM DELICIOUS

Crust: Twenty ginger-snap biscuits, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 3oz. melted butter.

Roll biscuits into crumbs, mix with sugar, melted butter. Leave 1 tablespoon for topping, press remainder over base and sides of 8in. or 9in. pie-plate. Chill 1 hour or until firm.

Filling: Eight canned peach halves, 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar, 4oz. milk, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon gelatine (softened in 3 table-spoons water), 1lb. cream cheese, 1 pint whipped cream, glace cherries to decorate.

Beat egg-yolks lightly in top of double saucepan, stir in sugar, milk, and salt. Cook over simmering water until mixture thickens to consistency of pouring custard. Stir in gelatine, allow it to dissolve; cool. Soften cream cheese with wooden spoon, dice peaches. Blend custard into cream cheese, stir in diced peaches. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture with whipped cream. Pour into crumb-lined plate, sprinkle remaining crumbs round edge, decorate with cherries.

Section 3: Apricots

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. T. Wellspring, 5 Carstens St., Griffith, Canberra.

HOT APRICOT SOUFFLE

One large can apricots, 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, 1 pint apricot syrup, 1 or 2 dessertspoons lemon juice, 3 eggs, sugar to taste.

Tie greaseproof paper collar round a greased 1-pint soufflé-dish or grease 2-pint fireproof

casserole. Drain apricots, arrange in base of dish, reserving few for garnish. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, then apricot syrup. Stir over heat until thickened, simmer 3 minutes. If too thick, add little more syrup. Flavor to taste with lemon juice, sugar. Separate eggs, gradually beat in yolks. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, fold into apricot mixture. Pour into prepared dish, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until well risen and golden brown. Garnish with remaining apricots, serve with cream immediately.

CONTEST RULES

Write clearly or type each recipe on a separate sheet of paper. Write sender's name and address (including State) on each sheet of paper.

Mark the section in which it is entered at the top of each recipe.

Address entries to Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The judges will open and judge every entry. Their decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

If two or more competitors enter an identical recipe, the first one opened will be eligible for a prize.

The results as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part in the contest agree as a condition of entry to accept such results as final and binding.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

THE PRIZE LIST

Below are the big cash prizes to be awarded in this contest.

Grand Champion Prize (best recipe in contest)	£1000
First Prize in each section	£100
Second Prize in each section	£50
Third Prize in each section	£30
Fourth Prize in each section	£20
Fifth Prize in each section	£10
Forty-four consolation prizes, each	£5

In addition, three progress prizes of £10 each will be awarded weekly throughout the contest.

WHO'D MAKE AN IDEAL TEACHER FOR YOUR CHILD?

A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR?
A HEADMASTER?
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TEACHER?
A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE?
A HIGHLY TRAINED SPECIALIST?

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One of the reasons why the Power method of individual tuition is so successful is that teachers are hand-picked to suit the personal requirements of each and every student.

Teachers include former university professors, headmasters and head mistresses, university graduates and specialists. The Principal, Mr. William Power, B.A. (Hons.), is himself a man with an extensive academic background. Moreover, whatever the nature of your own or your child's study problem, Power Coaching College has the IDEAL method of helping him.

PRIVATE TUITION from a selected teacher who'll call at your home at a convenient time—wherever you live.

INDIVIDUAL TUITION in centrally located STUDY GROUPS. Each group is limited in numbers to ensure personal attention.

CORRESPONDENCE LESSONS IN ALL SUBJECTS, specially prepared by a panel of Australia's leading educationalists. Each course is set out individually for each student, corrected and returned with detailed comments week by week. With Power Home Study Lessons, you or your child can study any course whenever it suits you.

FULL-TIME DAY SCHOOL in Brisbane, Sydney and Perth. POWER COLLEGE offers individual attention with classes strictly limited in numbers. A few vacancies are available for the current term. You are advised to contact your nearest Power College Principal without delay. Discuss your child's study problems with your State Principal NOW—final examinations are just around the corner.

POWER COACHING COLLEGE

SYDNEY: 13 ERNEST STREET, CROW'S
NEST
MELBOURNE: 157 GREVILLE STREET,
PRIMBANK
BRISBANE: 189 LOGAN ROAD,
WOOLLOONGABRA
ADELAIDE: 106 WARD STREET, NORTH
ADELAIDE
PERTH: 111 THOMAS STREET,
SUBIACO

SWELLING

Rub THIS in
and it
DISAPPEARS!



BAUME DALET is a foot ointment which has been so successful on the Continent that it is now taking it up in this country. You rub it in and it DISAPPEARS and so, too, in a very short time, does the painful swelling and the hot, tired, aching throbs, and your feet feel ten years younger! Yes, BAUME DALET sinks right in—releasing powerful healing ingredients to do their wonderful work right at the root of the trouble. Next time you have to "rub your poor toe", rub it with pain-relieving BAUME DALET. Ask your family chemist for BAUME DALET—6/- a tube.

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NOW IN AUSTRALIA—NEW FORMULA

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**
CLEARS DANDRUFF QUICKLY



How new-formula LOXENE with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways!

1. New formula LOXENE with "Iolan" clears dandruff quickly.

2. The effective gentle antiseptic action of "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.

3. The deep penetrating nourishment of "Iolan" conditions the hair and scalp and brings out a healthy, natural gloss.

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff quickly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo—the only preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff quickly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective—and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now—get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



SINGLE TREATMENT
BUBBLE 1/3

LOXENE
MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**

THE ORIENT IS HONG KONG

BRITISH CROWN COLONY

1. Hong Kong's Peak tram, which plies to the top of Hong Kong island.
2. Sunset in the harbour of Hong Kong.
3. An old man in the traditional Chinese cheongsam.
4. A junk festival in Hong Kong, as seen by Chinese-American artist Dong Kingman . . . painted especially for the Hong Kong Tourist Association.

It is summer in Hong Kong now and the weather is warm. Shrubs are in flower and the winter garb has been laid aside for silk and cotton cheongsams; Chinese gentlemen pause to contemplate the birds they carry in small bamboo cages; the tempo of the market intensifies behind plate-glass window and bamboo blind alike. The moon waxes huge and hangs over the light-spangled Peak . . . there is music in the air and life is good.

Hong Kong is a year-round resort with fully air-conditioned hotels and fine restaurants of international standard. At all times there is something going on to catch and hold the interest of the visitor. Apart from the ever-present lure of shopping for duty-free imports and hand-made local goods . . . distinct from the constantly moving spectacle of Chinese city life, there are the traditional festivals which explode upon the scene with a shower of firecrackers and a clash of drums and cymbals. In direct contrast to these exciting events, the countryside of Hong Kong unfolds refreshingly serene. The tempo of life slows as you drive among terraced rice paddies, past Chinese villages and through secluded fishing towns with their serried rows of moored junks and sampans. In Hong Kong, you are frequently amazed, often enchanted, sometimes surprised but never bored. You'll like Hong Kong, so plan to visit it soon . . . remember, you can fly to or from Europe via Hong Kong at no extra charge! Ask your Travel Agent for details on Hong Kong or fill in the coupon below.

HONG KONG TOURIST ASSOCIATION

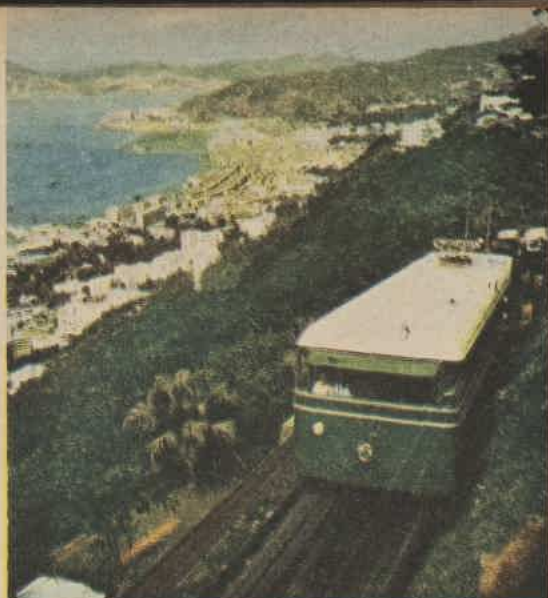
Box 2051 G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send colour brochures on Hong Kong immediately

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

AWW



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning July 31

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, navy.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in chance.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, lt. blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Luck in your neighborhood.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, silver.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Luck in sound knowledge.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Luck in ways and means.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
★ Luck in giving and getting.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, orange.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in planning ahead.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck through organisations.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck through more prestige.

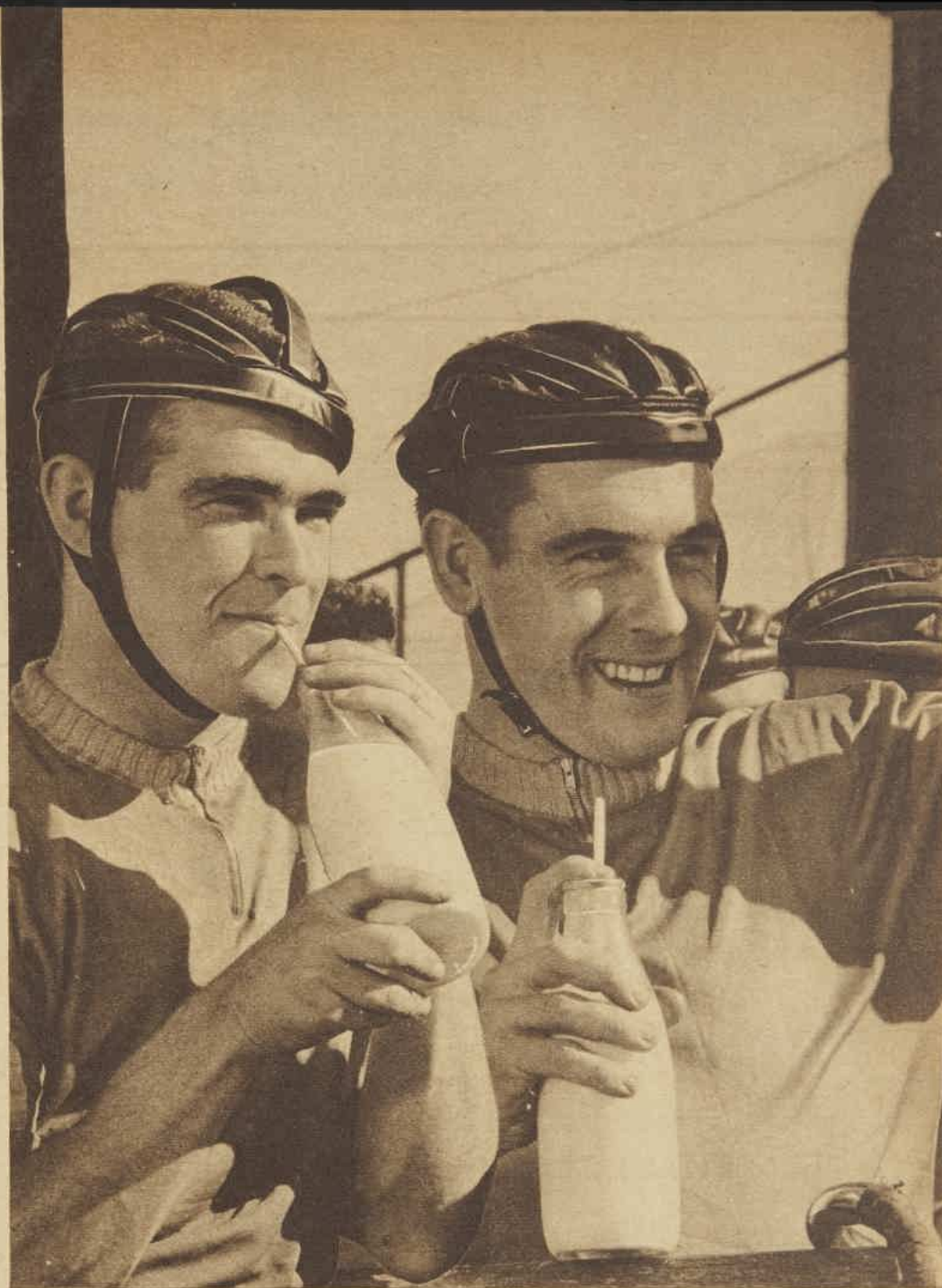
SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ Luck in know-how.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, rose.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Luck in the unexpected.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck in managing people.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in vitality.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



John Green and John Young, winners of 1961's grueling "Milk 6" Bike Race, crack a bottle of milk.

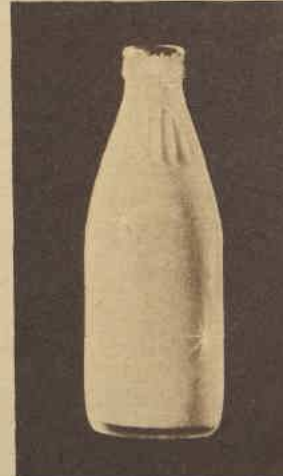
let's crack a bottle!

Zippering around the track for six days and nights takes it out of you. But crack a bottle of milk, and snap—you're back in the race! Milk puts the go in you—gives you big energy to keep pace. There's just nothing around that beats cool, creamy milk for a refreshing lift.

Milk supplies bone-building calcium, body-building protein. It gives you energising sugars and all the vitamins that keep you fit. You never outgrow your need for milk. Next time you need a quick refresher, crack a bottle of milk!

TO KEEP MILK AT ITS CREAMY BEST, KEEP IT OUT OF SUNLIGHT.

MILK...makes you look good—feel good!





light
and
luscious!

Mother's Choice banana chiffon pie

- Bake** a pie-crust crisp and good as only Mother's Choice finer quality flour can make it.
- Add** banana flavoured filling. Made in minutes from Mother's Choice banana Spanish Delight.
- Cool** till set then top with jam, cream and banana slices. M-mmm!
- Serve** tonight! Surprise your family with the most delicious chiffon pie they've ever tasted (*the recipe's on the flour pack*).
- Remember** .. Everything you make with Mother's Choice flour will be better for you. It's the only self-raising flour that's vitamin enriched.

The Banana Chiffon Pie recipe is on one of the 6 Mother's Choice Flour recipe picture packs.



AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● People who do time and motion studies in the attempt to cut housework time and effort down to a minimum always seem to leave half the housewives' jobs out of their calculations.

THEY can show you how to cut down your washing-up time and your bed-making time and your sweeping time, and even your cooking time, and hey, presto, the work's all finished by half-past ten in the morning.

You get the feeling that these time and motion studies are made in homes inhabited by one woman and one rather meek man who makes no mess and leaves the house at a very early hour in the morning.

What I want is a time and motion study on all the sidetracking jobs that interrupt the main jobs of the day.

How do you cut down time on the household shopping, on looking for the children's lost possessions, on answering the phone, moving the hose, washing the dog when he's found something unsavory to roll in, defrosting the fridge, and arguing with your children about whether it is or is not a day when a raincoat is necessary?

A capable man is one who can hold down a job, mend a fuse, and make an inspired guess about what's gone wrong under the bonnet when the car won't start.

A capable woman is supposed to be able to do all those things, and ten thousand others as well.

Any woman who qualifies (I don't) deserves to have this anonymous Epitaph for a Tired Housewife inscribed on her tombstone:

Here lies a poor woman who was always tired. She lived in a house where help wasn't hired. Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going To where there's no cooking, or washing, or sewing, For everything there is exact to my wishes, For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes. I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing, But having no voice I'll be quit of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never, I am going to do nothing for ever and ever."

Dolphins have a high IQ

THE whole family has been arguing over whose turn it is to have Antony Alper's "A Book of Dolphins" for half an hour.

We go through these periods of stress — everyone trying to read the same book. For me, this is the animal book of the year.

The dolphin has a brain one and a half times as large as man's, and some scientists rate him as of higher intelligence than the horse and the dog and the elephant and every other mammal except man.

All life, of course, came from the sea originally, but the dolphin thought it over for a few million years and then went back to the water.

Seeing the state of the earth today, that rather suggests he might be even more intelligent than man!

Being a mammal the dolphin can't breathe under water, and he must surface every few minutes to breathe through the blowhole in the top of his head.

The baby dolphin is a third its mother's length (she may be from twelve to fourteen feet) when it is born, and within 10 or 15 seconds of its birth it must swim to the surface to take its first breath of air.

If it is weak, or exhausted by a labor which has lasted many hours, the mother and her "close friend" will lift it to the surface with their snouts until it is breathing well.

At the Marine Studios in Florida, where dolphin behaviour has been studied for many years, they have found that a pregnant dolphin usually has a "chosen friend," another female with whom she spends most of her time, and who helps guard and shepherd the young dolphin after it is born.

And at the time of a birth, in the marine studio's tanks, all the female dolphins gather around and below the mother in the water, guarding her during her labor and displaying the liveliest interest and sympathy.

This seems closer to human behaviour than any of the other animals get.

(Our cats, incidentally, show up pretty poorly alongside the dolphins. If one of ours is about to have kittens the others find the whole business rather distasteful, and stalk off in a puritanical huff.)

Opo made friends with humans

IN "A Book of Dolphins" Mr. Alper retells the legendary Greek and Roman stories of friendships between free dolphins and men, and then he moves on to the present century.

New Zealand, oddly enough, lies at the same distance from the equator and the pole as the Greek archipelago. Maori legends are full of stories of dolphins.

Twice, in this century, free-swimming dolphins in New Zealand waters have made themselves known to thousands of human beings. First there was Pelorus Jack, who was protected by an Order in Council signed by the Governor-General and who for 24 years "piloted" ships across Pelorus Sound.

And then in 1955 the dolphin who came to be known as Opo appeared at Opononi. Opo loved children, and she would let them play with her in the water.

She loved the putt-putt of a motor-boat, too, and she would go out with the fishermen, surfacing so that she could enjoy having her back scratched with an oar.

In the shallows, where people were bathing, she would allow herself to be stroked and lifted, and she would play games with a rubber beach ball.

Tempting teenagers to drink milk

IT is often quite hard, as children move up through their teens, to get them to drink the daily quota of milk.

I am certain they still need it and I am always looking for ways to make them take it.

We had a junket craze for a few weeks and Mike and Diana would eat a pint each when they came home from school.

The present craze is a new supper drink they've thought up for cold winter nights—you put a small teaspoon of instant coffee and a small square of dark chocolate into a cup and pour hot milk over it.

If the milk is really hot the chocolate dissolves quite easily.

If you're very quick you can extract the square of chocolate with a spoon, eat it, and then claim with an innocent face that the chocolate has been missed out in your cup—as Mike managed to do twice before I woke up to the trick.

ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



Here's blissful comfort for tired aching legs...

Supp-hose

THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Countless women all over the world are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE, the only fashionable stockings that support your legs!

Housewives who clean, iron, shop and care for children. Working women whose jobs keep them on their feet for hours. Mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE.

SUPP-HOSE support stockings look like any other sheer nylons; wash like other sheer nylons. Their gentle pressure gives wonderful support and blessed relief from tired, aching legs. Economical, too, because they outlast nine pairs of ordinary nylons. Are you on your feet a lot? Then try SUPP-HOSE. You'll be glad you did. 42/- pr.

* ALL NYLON * GUARANTEED TO LAST 9 TIMES LONGER!

* 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS * 4 FASHION SHADES.

HK247

* SUPP-HOSE by HILTON

Make a meatless meal more satisfying . . .

— with **KRAFT CHEDDAR** — your best cheese for cooking

ASPARAGUS, EGG AND CHEESE BAKE

Delicious and nourishing for a family main course . . . appealing as a buffet dish for parties.

Ingredients: 2 cups cooked or canned asparagus spears, chopped (reserve a few for garnish); 3 hard-boiled eggs, sliced; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced; 1 oz. butter; 1 tablespoon flour; 1½ teaspoons salt; ¼ teaspoon pepper; 1¼ cups milk; ¼ cup chopped nuts for garnish.

Method: Arrange half the asparagus, eggs and sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese in separate layers in a buttered casserole. Repeat layers. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour, salt and pepper. Cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to boil. Pour sauce over ingredients in casserole. Garnish with nuts and asparagus. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F. gas, 375° F. electric) for 20 minutes, or until heated through. 5 servings.

Kraft Cheddar is the best cheese for sandwiches, too, and here are six new suggestions:

- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, diced celery and chopped nuts.
- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese and spaghetti.
- ★ Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, minced or chopped left-over meat, moistened with Kraft Mayonnaise.
- ★ Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, peanut butter and tomato.
- ★ Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, Kraft Wham and lettuce.
- ★ Slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese, cucumber and tomato.

When the recipe calls for cheese, always choose Kraft Cheddar. Melts smoothly . . . and the mellow flavour always blends perfectly. Kraft Cheddar actually provides more protein than meat, and it's a bargain in nutrition, because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a **cheese** from



KRAFT on your table

Fragrant climbers

GARDENERS often seek quick-growing climbers and shrubs that will provide privacy and cover as well as fragrance, flowers, and decorative foliage.

Honeysuckles and jasmines are two answers to this gardening problem. The two families, botanically known as *Jasminum* and *Lonicera*, are numerous and versatile. There are varieties to suit any climate.

Jasmines are attractive as climbers on verandahs or pergolas, particularly near outdoor-living areas, as their perfume is pleasant at night.

Honeysuckles make quick cover for old sheds or fences, and many varieties can be trained, with disciplining, to a dense and attractive hedge.

JASMINE



ARABIAN jasmine (*Jasminum sambac*). The shrub grows to six feet.



PRIMROSE jasmine (*J. primulinum*) is a fast-growing evergreen shrub.



QUEENSLAND jasmine (*J. racemosum*), a native. Its buds open in clusters.

STAR jasmine (*J. nitidum*) is deliciously fragrant. It rarely grows over 2ft.

HONEYSUCKLE



DUTCH honeysuckle (*Lonicera serotina*) can be kept readily in bounds.



CHINESE winter honeysuckle (*L. fragrantissima*) grows into a large shrub.



ITALIAN (*L. etrusca*) is strongly perfumed and flowers in late summer.



JAPANESE (*L. japonica*). Butterflies and birds flock around this climber.

GARDENING



Meltonian

shoe cleaner

keeps your new Spring shoes looking fresh as a daisy...



Leather or suede, white or coloured—whatever shoes you choose this Spring, there's a wonderful Meltonian cleaner to keep them looking bright and fresh. Meltonian creams are now available in all the new colours to spring-clean and protect every shade of leather—including the new Glo-calf cleaners for pearlised shoes! For your white shoes, there's Meltonian's special all-purpose spirit white and for suede shoes you can choose from a full range of Meltonian suede cleaners. Remember, Meltonian creams and suede cleaners not only clean your shoes—they bring the colour back like new and protect the leather from cracking and drying.



THERE'S A MELTONIAN COLOUR FOR EVERY SHADE OF SHOE AND EVERY TYPE OF LEATHER!



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that's the difference

AND THE DIFFERENCE IS LAUNDRY LUXURY!



ASTOR 'Dishwasher'
*159 gns.



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'Concertmaster'
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You'll notice the 'difference' in ASTOR when you see it. The design features which have led the way in Australian styling for 40 years. Backing this is the honest workmanship and skill of 5000 ASTOR people. A combination which has put ASTOR radio, TV and car radio in more Australian homes than any other brand. Now in your laundry you can enjoy the luxury of ASTOR living, with this fully automatic washer. It's styled way ahead, and proved in service by thousands of happy housewives throughout Australia. The ASTOR 'Wash-a-matic' lightens your washday burden in three big ways. First, it operates immediately you get it. No bolting down or installation problems because ASTOR fluid-drive plus hydro-balance ends noise and vibration. Second, it does just about everything, it fills itself, heats itself, soaks, washes, rinses, spin dries... all you do is set it and forget it! Third, it is completely reliable. Day in and day out you'll come to depend on ASTOR reliability, beautifully washing anything from woollens, synthetics, to linens, brighter, cleaner than you ever thought possible. The ASTOR 'Wash-a-matic' is easy on your hot water too, inbuilt heater and hot-cold mix automatically ensure exact temperature you desire. Operation is simplicity itself. Amazingly, the ASTOR fully automatic washer costs no more than an ordinary washer, and yours for a lifetime for only *215 Gns.



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*Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Queensland and Tasmania

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PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows steeply pitched roof and casement windows, with glazed doors opening on to a private terrace.

A plan for privacy

- This week's plan has been designed for the house to face away from the street to give the outdoor living area complete privacy.

THE approach to the house from the carport is directly through the laundry or across the front of the house under the shelter of wide, overhanging eaves to the front door.

Focal point of the house is a large open fireplace placed between the living- and dining-rooms. This fireplace heats both these areas and also warms the kitchen.

The kitchen opens into the laundry. These rooms can be built as one large area where the local regulations permit. Your local Council can advise you here.

Three large bedrooms with built-in wardrobes are placed at one end of the house, and the compact bathroom has a separate toilet.

The house as drawn above is in brick, with a steeply pitched roof and casement windows. The dining- and living-rooms have floor-to-ceiling windows and glazed doors opening to the terrace.

Building costs are, in brick: £3600-£4300, with an area of 12.06 squares; and in timber: £3450-£4100, with an area of 11.50 squares.

These prices are, of course, approximate and do not include the price of the land. For accurate costs on your own site please con-

sult your local Home Planning Centre (addresses below).

Plans for the house above and a large range of other designs are available through the Home Planning Centres for £10/10/- a complete set, including five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications.

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

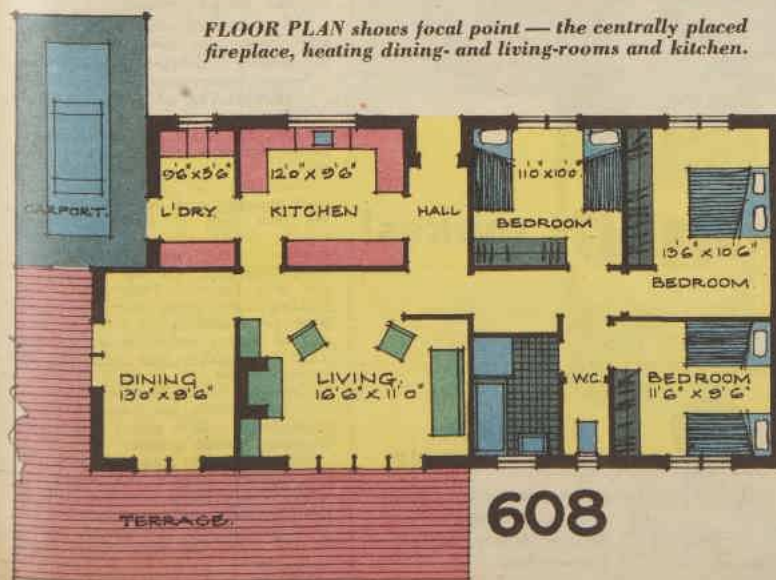
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Phone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (X6111.)

FLOOR PLAN shows focal point — the centrally placed fireplace, heating dining- and living-rooms and kitchen.



NEW Rosella SOUP!



TV SOUP



TOMATO AND VEGETABLE

A delicious blend of these two great Rosella Soups, Tomato and Vegetable — Tomato prepared from the finest red-ripe tomatoes and vegetable prepared from fresh garden-grown vegetables.

Rosella TV Soup is an excellent start to any meal, ideal for TV snacks and suppers.

Full Soup Range includes:

TOMATO	MULLIGATAWNY
VEGETABLE	PEA with HAM
CELERY	CREAM OF CHICKEN
ASPARAGUS	MUSHROOM
OXTAIL	SCOTCH BROTH
TV SOUP (Tomato and Vegetable)	

Rosella
DOUBLE STRENGTH
SOUPS



Her brother Jim was playing her records. He was a tall boy with red hair in his early twenties. He stood in the middle of her pink bedroom carpet, arms outstretched, while the record-player played, too loud, a cha-cha.

"Jim, what are you doing?" "I've been waiting . . ." he said and sneezed. Apparently he was nervous. He always sneezed when he was nervous.

"Scram, Jimmy-boy." He sneezed again and swallowed, and she saw reflected in his eyes, which were like hers but younger, a sort of mirror of her pain.

"What are you dressed up like that for?"

"See if they fitted . . . Going out . . ." He sneezed loudly, violently. "Oh, hang . . . Says 'Evening Dress Optional.' Thought I'd better try my optionals on."

Continuing . . . THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

from page 24

"Hilary, these flowers . . . I couldn't put them in the bathroom. Mr. Smith's in there and Mother will ask ghastly questions. Do they wither with the smell of paint?"

"Do what wither?"

"Flowers," he said patiently. "Look, I put them in your hand wash-basin."

"Are you giving them to Mother?"

"No, no, NO!" he said, groaning, sitting on the edge of her bed. "Are they all right, do you think?"

"They were delicious — tulips and lilac and bunches and bunches of gold and purple freesias. She bent over them and sniffed."

"They must have cost the earth."

"The earth and more. Two quid."

"Jimmy! Are you mad?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I expect I'm

mad. They're for Lois. We're going dancing."

"But you loathe dancing."

"She's teaching me. We're going to the Blue Dragon and I've got to learn the cha-cha. She's mad about it."

"But there? The floor's so small."

"I wanted a small place," he said, "where no one could see my feet and I've been practising but it isn't any good. I go back, you see, on the wrong leg each time."

He stood up, tearing at his hair; and then he put the record on again. "One, two, cha-cha-cha; three, four, cha-cha-cha . . . See? That's wrong."

"Yes," she agreed, and lay on the bed watching him.

He was an incongruous figure and his feet and hands were utterly clumsy. She thought: Oh, poor Jumbo-boy — and that girl Lois!

Such a silly little thing — the fool . . . Why pick her? And then remembered that although she always thought of Jimmy as a boy, he wasn't really. He was over twenty and the time had come for him to choose a girl — perhaps choosing wrongly — and be hurt and there was nothing she could do to stop him choosing Lois. He had to find out — the hard way. It was a part of growing up.

"Come here, Jumbo-boy," she said, "I'll show you," and she took him

by the arms and propelled him, forward — backward — one-two-three . . . "We'll get you foot-perfect by tonight, Jimmy, because all the flowers in the world won't get you anywhere if you bruise her ankles."

Giggling hysterically, they began to push each other round the room.

"But how does one stop?" he asked.

"One can't."

"Then don't. Plod on. Now turn—"

"I can't," he said.

"Just do the same step sideways?"

Suddenly he stopped. "What's wrong?"

He said, "What on earth's wrong?"

She saw her face in the mirror above the wash hand-basin; saw, blurred by the enormous bunch of flowers, her face contorted and the streaming tears.

"Laughing," she said. "If you could see yourself."

"No," he said, and the record died and there was an uneasy silence. "You're not laughing."

He came up behind her and she felt his hands grip her round the waist and he was hugging her — the old bear hug of childhood.

"There's no need to be so darned superior," he said. "Stop treating me like a child. Do you think I don't know what you're feeling like? I'd like to knock his block off but that wouldn't do much good. I could have told you, though, that it wouldn't work. I nearly did — but you wouldn't have taken any notice, just as I wouldn't listen now about Lois."

"Jimmy," she said, "if only I could go away and get some peace . . ."

"No, you don't need peace," he said. "You'd go dotty. It's better to stay in this infuriating, noisy household, where you never get a chance to think."

DOWNSTAIRS

the telephone was ringing, and, from habit, she jumped to answer it — and then remembered. It wouldn't be for her.

Jimmy, too, stood tensed. His ears looked very pink. Their mother was calling up the stairs: "Jim — phone."

At the door he stopped. "It will ring for you again," he said.

"Perhaps," she said.

"Some other chap. You won't feel miserable for ever."

"That's what I told poor Jilted Jenny."

"Oh, her!" he said. "But she's a coward."

She heard him leaping down the stairs and went out on the landing, watching him. With the receiver in his hand he was shutting the sitting-room door so that the children couldn't hear what he was saying. She knew. She had done that, too.

Back in her own room she looked at her swollen face, but couldn't do anything about washing it since Mr. Smith was in the bathroom and her basin was filled with Jimmy's flowers.

Just for a minute or two this noisy house seemed silent. She stood there, sniffing the sharp, sweet scent of freesia and listening to the rain.

(Copyright)

PRIZE RECIPE

AN unusual rice pudding which is first boiled then steamed wins the £5 prize this week in our regular recipe contest.

Tangy-flavored rind of an orange and lemon plus some sultanas gives this dessert a delicious flavor.

Spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE RICE PUDDING

Three ounces rice, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. shredded suet, grated rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon, 2 eggs.

Wash the rice well and put into thick saucepan with the milk. Cook over low heat until all milk is absorbed, stirring occasionally. Add the washed sultanas, suet, sugar, grated orange and lemon rind, and the beaten eggs; mix well together. Pour into greased pudding-basin, cover with greaseproof paper or aluminium foil, stand in saucepan of boiling water. Steam 2 hours. Turn out pudding and serve with following sauce.

Chocolate Sauce: Three ounces chocolate, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, vanilla essence.

Grate chocolate and melt with half the milk in saucepan. Add sugar, butter, and salt. Blend cornflour with remaining milk, add to mixture. Cook gently until mixture thickens, stirring all the time. Add vanilla essence and serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Miss V. Meney, 1 Royal Parade, Parkville N2, Vic.



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MIL0 contains essential minerals, calcium-rich milk and malted cereal, fortified with the important vitamins A, B, D and iron.



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Next time you make pancakes or apple fritters, sprinkle them with chocolatey Milo instead of sugar. It's marvellous!

NE75/61

all in one quick motion. The lynx unsundered in the air and fell, stone dead, shot through the heart.

"Dad! Dad, come here!" the boy shouted, finding to his annoyance that he was trembling slightly as he approached the dead animal, unable to forget the look of evil savage fury on the cat-like face which now lay before him. The boy stood looking down at his unexpected victim, unwilling to touch it, waiting for his father, who presently came, panting and anxious, calling as he ran: "What did you fire at, Dick? I came as soon as I heard the shot . . . did you get a deer? Holy smoke!"

He broke off and looked at the tawny body lying on the pine needles and then the white face of his son. "A bobcat! I'll bet that's the one Petersen said was lifting his chickens—you know, the farmer down at Arrow Creek—he'll be pleased about this!"

HE turned the animal over. "It was a clean hit, right through the heart, Dick, look at that . . ." He showed the boy the hole where the bullet had entered. "You're a real hunter now, son! It was a fine shot."

"I wonder what it was doing, Dad," said the boy, smiling shakily at the compliment. "He seemed to be trying to get into that rabbit burrow and was so busy it never heard me coming."

"After a rabbit, probably," answered his father, "though they don't usually open up the burrows."

"Well, let's hope we get our deer now," said the boy. "We could pick up the bobtail on the way back, couldn't we, Dad? I'd like to have the skin for a trophy."

"There's nothing I'd like better than to see this skinned!" said the father vehemently, and the boy glanced at him, surprised at the tone. "It's a funny thing, Dick," he continued. "I've hunted for more years than I can remember, but in all that time I don't think I ever remember seeing an animal drop without a sort of secret feeling of regret. But there's one time I never feel any regret, and that's with one of these." He lifted the lynx's paw with the curved, cruel claws. "They'll kill deer, sheep, calves, anything . . ."

They walked down the trail together, still talking, and the cat heard their voices receding in the distance. When all was silent he backed out of his refuge and emerged into the sun-dappled clearing, his coat covered with sandy dirt. Completely ignoring the dead body, even though forced to step around it, he sat down within ten yards of it, coolly washing his fur from the end of his tail to the tip of his nose. Then he stretched himself luxuriously, and with a final gesture of contempt turned his back on the lynx, and dug into the earth with his hind claws to send

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

from page 29

a last shower of dirt over the dead animal's face.

Two days later he caught up with the dogs. He came out on the crest of a hill, where in the valley below a small stream meandered between alder-grown banks. Across the valley, clearly discernible among the bare trees on the opposite slope he saw the familiar and beloved golden and white figures. His tail switched in excitement; he opened his mouth and uttered a loud, plaintive howl.

The two figures on the hill opposite stopped dead in their tracks, frozen immobile, listening to the unbelievable sound. He repeated his raucous howl, and the dogs turned questioning, their eyes straining to seek the reality

of the call. Then the young dog barked frantically in recognition and plunged down the hillside and across the stream, closely followed by the old dog. Now the cat began to run, too, running like a mad thing down the hill, and they met on the banks of the little stream.

The old dog nearly went out of his mind with excitement; he covered the cat with frantic licking; twice he knocked him over with his eager thrusting head, then carried away with enthusiasm he started on the same tight intricate circles that he had used on the collie, whirling nearer and nearer until he finally burst free from the circle and

rushed at the cat, who ran in mock alarm.

All through this performance the young dog had stood by, slowly and happily swinging his tail, his brown eyes alight and expressive, until at last his turn came when the old white clown collapsed in an ecstatic panting heap. Then the Labrador walked up to the cat, who rose on his hind legs, placing his black forepaws on the neck of the great dog who towered above him, and gently quested at the torn golden ear. No gesture could have been more adequate and no greeting more touching.

It would have been impossible to find three more contented animals that night. They lay, curled close together under an aged spreading bal-

sam tree, near the banks of the stream. The old dog had his beloved cat, warm and purring between his paws again, and he snored in deep contentment. The young dog, gentle worried leader, had found his charge again, and for a while his pain receded before the lightness of his heart.

Over 200 miles now lay behind them, and as a group they remained whole and intact—a triumph of leadership and mutual help beyond our understanding. The cat remained unscathed, but his companions bore many scars as witness of the odds against which they had achieved this unity.

The old dog still plodded cheerfully and uncomplainingly along. It was the Labrador who was in poor condition: he was feverish, and his

To page 50

Transfer and pattern

• Blue and green flowers are from our Iron-on Transfer No. 201J. Price 2/6.



The pattern for the apron requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and comes in sizes to fit 32-38in. bust measurements. Price 2/6. Readers can obtain both pattern and transfer for the special price of 4/6.

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Delicious dry-sweet blend. Rich, ruby-red and smooth.



BUT

Penfolds
PORTS

ARE ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

Continuing . . .

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

from page 49

once beautiful gleaming gold coat was harsh and staring now, his grotesquely swollen puffy face in horrible contrast to his gaunt frame, and the pain of his infected jaw making it almost impossible to open his mouth so that he was virtually starving.

The other two appeared to have come to an agreement over this handicap, allowing him first access to any newly killed and bleeding animal provided by the cat, and he lived solely on the fresh blood that could be licked from the carcass.

They had slipped into a steady satisfying routine and sometimes seemed so relaxed and unconcerned that they might have been three suburban pets out for a neighborhood ramble! It is not very surprising that a timber-cruising forester mistook them for this when he suddenly saw the two dogs some distance ahead trotting along together, apparently without a care in the world. They disappeared round a bend, and he did not give them a second thought. It was with a considerable shock that he remembered them later on in the day, his mind now registering the fact that there was no human habitation within thirty miles!

He told the senior forester, who roared with laughter, then asked him if he had seen any elves skipping around toadstools, too?

But the red-faced forester was able to turn the laugh a week later when his chance encounter was proved to be no dream. Inevitably the time was drawing nearer when the disappearance of the animals must be uncovered, the hue and cry begin, and every glimpse or smallest piece of evidence be of value.

At Heron Lake John Longridge and his brother were making plans for the last trip of the season. In England the excited Hunter family were packed in readiness for the voyage home. Mrs. Oakes was busy in the old stone house, cleaning and polishing, while Bert was stacking the wood cellar. Soon everyone concerned would be back where they belonged, like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle being fitted together; and soon it must be discovered that three of the pieces were missing . . .

Sublimely unaware of the commotion and worry, tears and heartbreaks that their absence would cause, the three continued on their way. The countryside was less wild now, and once or twice they saw small lonely hamlets in the distance. The young dog resolutely avoided these, keeping always to the woods and dense bush wherever possible, much to the disgust of the old dog who had implicit faith in the helpfulness and loving-kindness of human beings.

Late one afternoon they were followed for several

miles by a single timber wolf who was probably curious about the cat and was no real menace; however hungry, it would never have risked an encounter with two obviously powerful dogs. The Ojibway Indians of these parts despise the wolf for a cringing coward.

The young dog did not share the Indians' contempt. Like all of his kind, he hated and feared wolves with some deep primeval instinct which must have had its origin in those mists of time when they shared a common ancestor. He was uneasy and disturbed by the slinking grey shape that merged into the undergrowth every time he looked back to snarl at it.

Unable to shake the hateful shadow off, aware that the sun was sinking, and irritable and exhausted with pain, he chose the lesser of two evils, leaving the bush for a quiet country road with small farms scattered at lonely intervals along it. He hurried his companions along, seeking protection for the night in the form of a barn or even an open field near a farm, sensing that the wolf would not follow within sight of human habitation.

THEY approached a small hamlet at dusk, a few small houses clustered around a schoolhouse and a white frame church. When the young dog would have skirted this, too, the old terrier suddenly turned mutinous. He was, as usual, hungry; and the sight of the warm lights streaming out from the houses convinced him that there had been enough of this nonsense of birds, mice, and squirrels for a while, and that, as far as he was concerned, this evening there was only one sensible way of obtaining food—from the hand of a human being! His eyes brightening at the thought, he ignored the young dog's warning growl and trotted on, unheeding, down the forbidden road towards the houses.

The young dog offered no further resistance. His whole head was throbbing violently with the pain of infection, and more than anything he wanted time to scratch and scratch, and rub the burning cheek along the ground.

The rebel passed the first few cottages, so snug and inviting to his comfort-loving soul, smoke rising in the still evening air, and the reassuring smell and sounds of humans everywhere. He paused before a small white cottage, sniffing ecstatically the wonderful aroma of cooking drifting out mingled with wood-smoke. Licking his chops, he walked up the steps, lifted a bold, demanding paw, and scratched at the door, then sat down, waiting expectantly.

He was not disappointed. A stream of light from the opening door revealed a small girl. The old dog grinned hideously in pleasure, his slanting eyes blinking in the sudden light.

There was a moment's silence, followed by an urgent wail of "Dad—" then the door slammed shut in his face. Puzzled but persistent, he scratched again, his big triangular ears erect, listening to footsteps scurrying around within. A face appeared at the window. He barked a polite reminder. Suddenly the door was thrown open again and a man rushed out, a bucket of water in his hand, his face convulsed with fury.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words, short short stories, 1200 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

To page 51

He hurled the water full in the face of the astonished dog, then grabbed a broom.

"Get out, you dirty thiefing cur! Get out before I fetch a gun to you!" yelled the man, chasing after the soaking terrier, who stood not upon the order of his going but fled toward his companions! He was not afraid, only deeply offended — never in his long life had human beings behaved in such a way for no reason. Baffled and disappointed, he fell meekly in behind his leader.

Two miles along the road they came to a winding cart track, leading uphill to a farm. They crossed the dark fields, heading for a group of outbuildings clustered together some distance from the farmhouse. A thin curl of smoke rose from the chimney of one. Pressing against the faint warmth at the base of the chimney, they settled down for the night.

The young dog spent a restless night. There were running sores on his face from the continuous frantic clawing, and the infection made him fevered and thirsty.

When the old dog woke shivering with cold he was alone. The cat was some distance away, stalking his breakfast. Stealing over the morning air came the smell of smoke and something cooking.

The mists were rolling back from the valley, and a pale sun lightening the sky when the old dog came through the windbreak of tall pines and sat down outside the farmhouse door. He whined plaintively. At a second louder whine several cats attracted by the peculiar noise appeared and glared at him with eyes-eyes resentment.

THE door swung open, a wondrous smell of bacon and eggs surged out, the terrier drew up all the heavy artillery of his charm; with an ingratiating wag of his tail he glued his ears back, and wrinkled his nose in preparation for his disastrous grin! There was an astonished silence, broken by the deep, amused voice of a man.

"Well!" said the owner of the voice, surveying his odd visitor. "Well! And just who and what are you?" He called into the house, "Nell! Can you come? We have a visitor!"

"Ask them in, then, Jamie. I'll lay another place. Who is it?" returned a pleasant warm voice.

"Come and see!" the man answered with a chuckle. There was a sound of footsteps.

"Landsakes alive! Where on earth did that come from?" The woman looked down at the white gargoyle in amazement, and that past master in the art of scrounging proffered a civil paw. She bent down and shook it, laughing helplessly. "Well, show him in, Jamie," she said, "it isn't very polite to keep a visitor hanging around on the doorstep!"

Dignified, the old dog stepped in, and gazed at the stove with bland confidence.

He was in luck, for there could not have been a pleasanter couple, or a more welcoming house for miles around. They were an elderly couple, James Mackenzie and his wife, Nell, living alone now in the big farmhouse which still held the warm and happy atmosphere of a large cheerful family living and laughing and growing up in it. They were well used to dogs, for there had been eight children in that house once upon a time, and a consequent succession of pets who had always started out in the yard but invariably found their way into the household.

They gave the visitor a bowl of scraps, and Nell petted and fussed over him. He basked in the affection, and emptied the bowl almost before it had reached the ground.

"Poor old fellow," said Nell, "he's starving!" She filled the bowl again and again, until distended and happy the old dog stretched out on a rug at her feet.

"But what are we going to do with him?" she asked presently, her tender heart contracting with pity as she saw the gathering cloudiness in the depths of the gay black eyes looking up at her, and the scarred thin body ending in the ragged old tail with its chewed broken end. This was no bold and confident adventurer — only a weary old dog, hungry not only for food but for affection.

"I've been thinking," said Mackenzie, lighting a pipe. "When I fetch those clunks from Deepwater this afternoon I'll ask around there, and maybe put an ad in the journal. An English bull couldn't be lost for long — they're too unusual. And this character is obviously the kingpin in somebody's household."

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

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"Let's keep him until something turns up, then," said his wife happily. "What a pity he can't talk and tell us who he is!"

"He reminds me of old Mr. Pennyfeather!" said Mackenzie with a grin, walking to the door with an old pump gun under his arm, "before he shaves and puts his Sunday collar on!" Mr. Pennyfeather was the churchwarden. "I'm going down to the lake to see if those ducks are still there."

Halfway over the still misty fields he stopped to load his gun, then walked quietly toward the cover of the alders fringing the little lake. Peering through the branches he saw six mallards about halfway across, just out of range. With the wind the way it was he might wait all day for

a shot unless something startled them on the other side. "Pity I can't be in two places at once," he thought ruefully. "Looks like a lost cause — I might as well look for a few part-ridges instead."

Even as he turned away he saw a disturbance in the reeds across the water! Simultaneously the mallards took off in a body. He fired twice as they came over, one bird plummeting into the water and the other landing with a thud on the shore nearby. He picked this one up, thinking that he would have to bring the light canoe back to retrieve the other when he saw to his astonishment the

large golden head of a dog swimming toward it.

The sound of a shot and the splash of a duck had the same effect on the Labrador as a trumpet call to an old warhorse and drew him as irresistibly. Without a second's hesitation he had plunged in for the retrieve, only to find that he was unable to open his mouth sufficiently to grasp the heavy duck properly, and was forced to tow it ashore by a wingtip. He emerged from the water twenty feet from the man, the beautiful green head trailing on an outstretched wing, the sun striking the iridescent green plumage on its head.

He looked doubtfully at the stranger, and Mackenzie stared back in open-mouthed amazement.

"Good dog!" he said quietly, holding out one hand. "Well done! Now bring it to me!" The dog advanced hesitantly, dragging the bird.

"Give!" said Mackenzie as the dog still hesitated.

The habits of good training die hard. The dog walked slowly forward, releasing his hold, and now Mackenzie saw with horror that one side of his face was swollen out of all proportion, the skin stretched so tautly that the eyes were mere slits. Sticking out like evil little pins on a rounded cushion of raw skin were several quills, deeply embedded.

Mackenzie made up his mind quickly: no matter whose, this dog was desperately in need of urgent treatment; the quills must be extracted at once before the infection spread further. He picked up the

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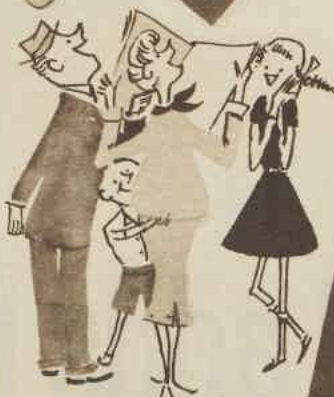
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ducks, patted the dog's head reassuringly, then, "Heel!" he said firmly. To his relief the dog fell in behind unquestioningly and followed him back to the farmhouse. His resistance weakened to the point where he longed only to be back in the well-ordered world of human beings, that solid world where men commanded and dogs obeyed.

Crossing the fields, Mackenzie suddenly remembered the other newcomer in the farmhouse kitchen, and frowned in bewilderment. Where on earth were all these strange dogs coming from? He smiled to himself as he walked back, the stranger padding at his heels, thinking of Nell's face when he walked in with yet another waif!

Perhaps it was as well for his peace of mind he was unaware of the sleepy Siamese cat sunning himself on the woodpile at that very moment!

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Nearly an hour later, Mackenzie finished cleaning up the Labrador's face. He had extracted the quills with a pair of pliers, and though the pain must have been intense, the dog had not once whimpered or growled, but shown only pathetic gratitude afterwards, trying to lick the ministering hands. The relief must have been wonderful, for the punctures were now draining freely and already the swelling was subsiding.

All through the operation the door from the kitchen shook and rattled to the accompaniment of piteous whining; the old dog had been so much in the way when Mackenzie was working on the Labrador, pushing against his hand and so obviously

worried that they were going to do his companion some harm that they had kept him in the kitchen with a bone, then quickly shut the door in his unsuspecting face. Now deeply suspicious of foul play, he was doing his best to get out!

Mackenzie sat back on his heels. "There, that's better," he said. "Nature will take care of the rest. Give him some milk, Nell, while I go and wash."

When he came back he opened the door for the frantic bull terrier, who shot out in a fury, prepared to do

battle on behalf of his friend, then drew up with a comical, puzzled expression on his face when he saw him peacefully lapping up a bowl of milk.

"I wonder," said Mackenzie, sitting down and drawing out his pipe, "I wonder if this is one of those cases that you read about sometimes of a dog or cat lost or separated for some reason finding its own way back across country to rejoin a family. I've heard of them travelling miles sometimes that way."

"Those two certainly look as though they had been on the road for a long time," said his wife. "I suppose they could have come from anywhere within miles around."

"Within hundreds of miles," corrected Mackenzie. "A young, fit dog could cover forty or fifty miles in a day, though of course this one would be slowed up to the other's pace. I wonder what they lived on. The Labrador looks like a skeleton—he wouldn't have got much further. I'll shut them in the stable when I go to Deepwater; we don't want them wandering off again."

The cat, from his warm, sheltered observation post on the woodpile, watched Mackenzie cross the yard and usher the two dogs into a warm, sweet-smelling stable, shutting the door carefully behind him. Shortly afterwards the truck rattled down the farm road, then all was quite again. A few furious farm cats were emboldened to approach the woodpile, resenting this exotic stranger who had taken possession of their favorite sunning-place. Siamese are not fond of other cats at the best of times, even their own breed, and this one was no exception. He surveyed them balefully, considering his strategy. Then two or three well-executed skirmishes and the band dispersed, the black masked pirate returning to his lair to sleep.

Halfway through the morning the cat awoke, stretched, and jumped down, looking warily around before stalking over to the stable door. He bleated plaintively and was answered by a rustle of straw within. Leisurely, he gathered himself for a spring, then leaped effortlessly at the latch on the door. But he was not quite quick enough, and the latch remained in position.

Annoyed, unused to failure, he sprang again, this time making sure of success. For a split second, almost in the same impetus as the spring, one paw was curved around the wooden block handle supporting his weight, while the other paw released the latch above and the door swung open. Purring with restrained pleasure, the cat walked in, suffering a boisterous welcome from his old friend before investigating the empty bowl of milk.

DISAPPOINTED, he left the stable, the two dogs following him into the sunlit yard, and disappeared into the hen-house. Several enraged and squawking fowls rushed out as he made his way toward the nesting-boxes. Curving his paws lovingly around a warm brown egg, he held it firmly, then cracked it neatly and expertly with a sideways tap from a long incisor tooth, the contents settling intact on the straw, from where he lapped them up. He had brought the art to perfection after years of egg-stealing. He helped himself to two more before retiring to his woodpile again.

When Mackenzie drove into the farmyard later on in the afternoon he was surprised to see the two dogs sleeping in the sun by the shelter of the cattle trough. They stood by the truck wagging their tails in recognition as he unloaded the truck and then followed him into the farmhouse.

"Did you let them out of the stable, Nell?" he asked, opening a parcel at the kitchen table and dropping a meaty bone into the shark-like mouth that had opened beside him.

"Of course not!" she answered in surprise. "I took them out some milk, but I remember being particularly careful to close the door."

"Oh, well," said Mackenzie, "perhaps the latch wasn't down properly. Anyway, they're still here. The Lab's face looks quite different now — almost normal again. He'll be able to eat a decent meal by this evening."

Nothing was known of the runaways in Deepwater, he reported, but they must have come from the east, for Andrew Nicholson at Archer Creek had told him of chasing a white dog off his doorstep the night before, mistaking it for a local white mongrel well known for his thieving ways. Jim Turner had offered to take the Labrador if nobody turned up to claim him, as his own hunting dog had recently died.

"Indeed he will not!" said Nell indignantly, "I like my orphans and they're staying right here!"

"All right!" said her husband laughing. "Of course we'll keep them as long as we can—But I warn you, Nell, that if they really are heading somewhere with a purpose nothing on earth will keep them back. All we can do is keep them shut in for a while and feed them up."

The young dog ate ravenously that evening, cleaning up bowls of fresh milk and plates of food with a bottomless appetite that delighted Nell Mackenzie.



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BLUE IS FOR BRIGHTNESS!

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and the improvement in his appearance already was quite remarkable.

The little back room held a very peaceful scene that evening.

Mackenzie sat at a table, puffing peacefully on a pipe, and working at the minute intricate rigging of a model schooner, while his wife read "Three Men in a Boat" aloud to him. The reptile and satisfied Labrador lay stretched full length under the table, and the terrier was snoring gently from the depths of an old leather sofa. Both looked completely at home, as though they had never lived anywhere else.

The only disturbance during the evening had been the noise of a tremendous cat battle out in the yard. Both dogs had sat up immediately, and to the astonishment of the elderly couple watching wagged their tails in unison, wearing almost identical expressions of pleased and doting interest!

Later on they followed Mackenzie out quite willingly to the stable, where he piled some hay in a corner of a loose-box for them, filled the bowl with water, then shut the door firmly behind him, satisfying himself that the latch was down and firmly in place, and remained so even when the door was rattled. Shortly afterwards the lights downstairs in the farmhouse went out.

The dogs lay quietly in the darkness, waiting. Soon there was a soft scrabbling of paws on wood, the latch clicked, and the door opened a fraction, just enough to admit the slight body of the cat. He tramped and kneaded the hay for a while, purring in a deep rumble, before curling up in a ball at the old dog's chest. There were several contented sighs, then silence reigned in the stable.

When the young dog awoke

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

in the cold hour before dawn only a few pale laggard stars were left to give the message which his heart already knew—it was time to go, time to press on westwards.

The yawning, stretching cat joined him at the stable door; then the old dog, shivering in the cold dawn wind; and for a few minutes the three sat motionless, listening, looking across the still dark farmyard, where already they could hear the slight stirrings of the animals. It was time to be gone: there were many miles to be

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would be taxed to the utmost, each must rely on the other as never before, and the three separate and widely different entities merged into one efficient unit if they were to survive.

There was little the old dog could contribute in a practical way, but his stolid determination, and even his clowning unquenchable joy of life could do much toward raising the spirits of the taut, tense, and half-

of Quebec reedling in the distance as she made her way to Montreal. Leaning against the railings on the upper deck were the Hunters returning from their stay in England.

The children, Peter and Elizabeth, were wildly excited and had hardly left the deck since the liner had entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, counting the hours until their arriving home.

There was all the excitement of seeing their own homeland again, their house, their friends, their books and toys, and above



travelled before the first halt in the warmth of the sun.

Silently they crossed the yard and entered the fields leading to the dark massed shadows of the trees in the furthestmost corner, their paws making three sets of tracks in the light time of frost that covered the field; and even as they turned on to a deer trail leading westward through the bush, a light came on in the upstairs of the farmhouse.

Ahead of them lay the last fifty miles of the journey. It was as well that they had been fed and rested. Most of the way lay through the Strellon Game Reserve, through country that was more desolate and rugged than anything they had yet encountered. The nights would be frosty, the going perilous and exhausting, there could be no help expected from any human agency, and worst of all—their leader was already weak and unfit.

Now was the time when the qualities of courage and endurance which all of them held

starved young Labrador who shouldered the heavy burden of the responsibilities of leadership.

As for that enigma the cat—the pampered product of centuries of civilisation—or the fearless attacker of bears? The selfish feline of tradition, interested only in his own comfort—or the skilful hunter who used his talents for a dog, his hereditary enemy? The cat would be the first to look haughtily away at any suggestion of praise, but there is no doubt whatsoever—the old dog would have died of starvation long ago had it not been for his friend the cat.

The pieces of the jigsaw puzzle representing all those who were bound up with the lives of the travellers were gradually coming together and making a shape, a picture. In Eastern Canada a liner was steaming up the great St. Lawrence River, the heights

all they could not wait to see their pets. Over and over again they had discussed their first meeting, and both were secretly longing to be reassured that the dog and cat would not have forgotten them.

"It's all very well for Peter," said Elizabeth with a worried frown, "Bodger's as old as he is—in fact, I don't suppose he can remember any day in his whole life without him—but it's very different with Tao—after all I've only had him for six years, and cats are supposed to be different."

"Not Siamese cats," said her father with a smile. "They are just like dogs in that respect. Anyway, what about me? Luath is only three, but I'm not a bit worried!"

"Oh, Daddy, that's not fair! Hunting dogs aren't supposed to care about anything or anyone else except their master. Luath just lived for you. But sometimes," she ended sadly, "I

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used to wonder if Tao didn't prefer Bodger to me!"

Their mother laughed, suddenly remembering the bowl left in the kitchen ten months ago. "Thank goodness I don't have to worry about my goldfish!" she said. "Any hand with goldfish food will do for him! Anyway, we only have another twenty-four hours or so before we find out for ourselves."

Peter turned away from his contemplation of a small busy lighter, his eyes teasing as he addressed his sister. "You've forgotten to worry about something else, Elizabeth! Perhaps they are all so attached to Uncle John by now that they've decided not to leave him! They're probably all jolling back in his armchairs now, talking about it and wondering how they can break the news gently to us!"

Peter was perfectly happy and not

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in any way doubtful about his reunion; ever since he had been old enough to think at all he had known that just as surely as Bodger belonged to him and was always there, so did he belong to the bull terrier.

A thousand miles westwards of the St. Lawrence, John Longridge turned his car into the driveway of the old farm home and waved to Bert Oakes, who was heaping branches and dry leaves over the beds of chrysanthemums. Bert walked after the car and was there to greet Longridge as he stepped out. Mrs. Oakes appeared at that moment, too, on the porch, and all three stood smiling and talking. Then Longridge looked around him with a puzzled air.

"Where are the dogs, Mrs. Oakes?"

he asked. "I've never known them not to rush out when they hear the car — don't tell me they've forgotten already?"

Mrs. Oakes and Bert looked at each other, slow amazement spreading over their faces.

"But," they said in unison. "But . . ." and then Mrs. Oakes spoke quickly in agitation, her placid face strained with worry and confusion.

"But, Mr. Longridge, you said in your note that you were taking them with you! They weren't here when I came in that morning after you had left, and it seemed so strange until

I read your note, and even then I said to Bert, I said, 'Bert, it does seem strange,' but Bert he said . . ."

John Longridge interrupted the flow of words, anxiety rising in him. "But, of course, I didn't take them — haven't seen them since I left!" He paused for a moment with furrowed brows. "I can't even remember what I did say, it was so unimportant — wasn't it something about groceries, and, yes, I know, about feeding the animals and taking them out — for a run, I meant — when I got up."

Light dawned on Mrs. Oakes' face. "That's what happened," she said. "Puss must have knocked the paper-weight off the desk. There was only one page of your note left — the other was all charred up in the fire-

place and the part I could read said . . . 'I will take them all . . . so I just thought that meant you had changed your mind and taken them out west with you, particularly when there wasn't hide or hair of them around!'

Tears came into Mrs. Oakes' eyes as she added, her voice breaking, "Oh, Mr. Longridge, where have they gone? What can have happened? Do you think someone has stolen them? Oh, that poor old Bodger! I'll never forgive myself if anything has happened to him!"

At the thought of her elderly favorite and the appealing, ugly face which had made putty of her heart for so many months, poor Mrs. Oakes laid her head on her husband's shoulder and wept.

Bert patted her shoulder, awkwardly comforting.

"There, there, Em," he said, "it wasn't your fault; it wasn't anybody's fault."

Longridge nodded in agreement. "Of course it wasn't, Mrs. Oakes," he said warmly. "It was something that nobody could foresee — just one of those freaks of chance."

"Three weeks — nearly four!" said Mrs. Oakes forlornly, "and not a soul knowing!"

"It's almost uncanny, isn't it?" said Longridge. "I can't understand it — one of them perhaps could have been stolen, or lost, or wandered away, but for three of them to vanish into thin air — well, it just doesn't seem possible. What a mess!" he sighed, "and the Hunters coming home tomorrow! How am I going to tell them . . ."

He turned into the house and sat down at the desk, his thoughts in a whirl. How could he find words to tell Elizabeth and Peter? And, more immediately, how did one set about finding three animals who had been missing without anyone's knowledge for several weeks?

HE tried to sort his disordered thoughts out rationally; they could not have been killed on the road, because the Oakes would have heard if anything had happened within a radius of twenty miles of this small community where news travels fast; also they were such distinctive looking animals; they could not all have been caught in traps, poisoned or drowned in the river, or all have fallen down disused wells; and who would lure away such an assorted selection — one perhaps, but not all three.

He pressed his aching head into his hands, thinking of every possible catastrophe that could have overtaken them, but not by the wildest stretches of imagination could he make any situation reasonably fit three animals.

The only explanation was that they had gone somewhere deliberately, of their own free will.

Now, where would they go? Almost immediately he remembered the desperate longing in the young dog's eyes the night before he had left for Heron Lake, and the unexpected proffered paw the following morning. A great light of understanding dawned in his mind as he turned to Mrs. Oakes.

"I know," he said slowly, "I know where they have gone! Luath has taken them home — he has taken them all back to their own home!"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Oakes burst out in incredulous horror. "How could they do that! — it must be nearly 300 miles. Surely someone would have seen them by now and picked them up —" But even as she spoke she remembered that neither dog wore a collar, and she broke off, looking as though she were about to burst into tears again.

"They wouldn't be where anyone could pick them up," said Longridge thoughtfully. "Travelling by instinct they would simply go west by the most direct route — straight across country — over the Ironmouth Range."

"Over the Ironmouth Range?" echoed Mrs. Oakes faintly. "they wouldn't make it, Mr. Longridge — they couldn't! Why, there's wolves and bears — and if they weren't eaten up by them the first day they'd starve to death."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Oakes, it wouldn't be as bad as that! Most wild animals would be more frightened of them, probably," comforted Longridge with an assurance he did not feel, thinking with a pang of the smallness of the cat and the age of the terrier. "Luath is a strong, young dog, and they would eat . . . well, they would eat . . ."

Desperately he thought of what they would eat, then finished lamely, "Well, anyway they would eat, Mrs. Oakes!"

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Continuing . . .

THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

from page 56

She did not appear to be convinced, so he continued, trying to comfort himself as much as her. "You know yourself, too, what a wonderful rabbit hunter Tao is. It hasn't been very cold, either," he went on rapidly, shutting his mind to the thought of last night's frost, "they would probably take it quite easily, and . . ."

But Mrs. Oakes could contain herself no longer, and broke in: "Mr. Longridge, don't let's fool ourselves any more! I daresay a young dog could cross that country, and possibly even a cat, for there's nothing like a cat to look after itself, but you know as well as I do that old Bodger couldn't last ten miles!"

"You're right, Mrs. Oakes," said Longridge wearily. "We'll just have to face it—the old fellow is almost certainly dead. After all it's nearly four weeks—and I wouldn't give a candle for Tao's chance, either," he added. "If we're going to be honest, Siamese cats can't stand the cold. But there's a chance at least that a big powerful dog like Luath will get there . . ."

"That Luath!" said Mrs. Oakes darkly, going over to the door. "If it wasn't for him this would never have happened! I'm going to make a cup of coffee for us all. You must be tired out."

He called long distance, and spoke to Jim Hunter's sister. She was expecting the family back late tomorrow evening. How was his adopted family? They were missing? But how? where? when? why? Of course she would do everything she possibly could to help at her end! Lands and Forests, game wardens, Mounties, provincial police: advertisement in paper. Nobody's fault. Not to worry—Co-operate! Keep in touch! Good luck, goodbye. Click!

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"What a woman!" thought Longridge, feeling rather inadequate, but reluctantly conceding that she had shown good sound common sense. He called the Chief Ranger of the Lands and Forests, receiving the assurance that word would be circulated throughout the department, and the game wardens contacted.

The Chief Ranger suggested calling Ted Burns, a bush pilot, who flew parties of hunters into the remoter parts of the bush and knew most of the Indian guides.

Ted Burns' wife said that Ted was out on a trip, but she would have him call when he returned tomorrow. Had Longridge called Eric Christiansen, who edited the rural section of the local newspaper? Eric knew everyone for miles around.

Eric was out covering a ploughing match, said his mother. Two dogs and a cat? Wait now . . . she seemed to remember Eric saying something . . . what was it? She had a terrible memory! Anyway, Eric would certainly call this evening. Had Mr. Longridge tried the Bell Telephone? The rural lines? There was nothing those rural telephone operators didn't know. Ask for Madge Stevenson.

Madge? Madge Stevenson? Something stirred in John Longridge's mind . . . And at that moment Mrs. Oakes rushed in, her face alight, "I've had a wonderful idea," she said excitedly, then:

"Madge!" they both exclaimed simultaneously! Mrs. Oakes' niece, who was the rural supervisor.

Before he called Mrs. Oakes' niece, Longridge found a large-scale map, then drew a connecting line between his own small township and the university town where the Hunters lived, marking down the place names through which it passed. He found to his dis-

may that there were few of these, the line passing mostly through uninhabited regions of lakes and hills.

The last forty or fifty miles seemed particularly grim, most of it being in the Strellon Game Reserve. His hopes sank lower and lower, and he felt utterly despondent, bitterly regretting his offer to take the animals in the first place. If only he had minded his own business they would be alive now, for he was convinced after looking at the map that death through exposure, exhaustion, or starvation must have been inevitable.

And tomorrow the Hunters would be home again . . . dejectedly he picked up the phone and asked for the rural supervisor . . .

Late that night the telephone rang. It was Madge. The telephone operator at Lintola had some information: the little Nurmi girl had rescued a half-drowned Siamese cat from the flooded River Keg about two weeks ago, but it had disappeared a few days afterwards. If Mr. Longridge would call Lintola 29 ring 4 tomorrow at noon she would try to have the child there and he could talk to her himself.

"I'll try some other lines tomorrow," said Madge, "don't give up hope."

Longridge thanked her warmly and put the receiver back, picking up the map. He had been right, then—they were indeed making for their old home. Two weeks ago, he puzzled, one of them had been alive. According to his map the cat must have travelled over a hundred miles. But what had happened to the other two? Must he now face the probability that Luath, too, was dead? Drowned possibly as the cat would have been except for a little Finnish girl.

Lying awake in the dark that night, unable to sleep, he

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thought that he would have given anything to have felt the heavy thud on the bed that used to announce the arrival of the old dog. How extremely unloving and intolerant he had felt so often waking in the middle of the night to the relentless shoving and pushing of his undesirable bed-fellow. "Tonight," he reflected wryly, "I'd give him the whole bed—if only he would come back!"

It was a week later—a week that neither the entire Hunter family or John Longridge were ever to forget, filled as it had been with the grief of Elizabeth and Peter, stealing the joy from their homecoming, and the succession of telephone calls and messages that had alternately raised their hopes and dashed them to the ground.

Longridge's hours of telephoning the night he returned had brought results; and since then he had spent

Continuing ... THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

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many hours patiently tracking down evidence which was sometimes so conflicting and confusing that it was useless and sometimes so coincidental that it was difficult to believe—sometimes he felt wearily that every man, woman, or child who had seen a cat or dog walking along a road in the past five years had called to tell him so.

But on the whole everyone had been extraordinarily helpful and kind, and he had evidence of several genuine encounters. When the results had been sifted down they bore out Longridge's original guess as to the line of travel—the dogs (nothing further had been heard of the cat) had taken an almost compass straight course due west, and the line he had

drawn on the map had been remarkably accurate.

The brother of one of Ted Burns' Indian guides had met a cousin recently returned from rice harvesting who had some wild story of a cat and dog appearing out of the night; a little girl called Helvi Nurmi, her voice distressed and tearful, had described to him the beautiful Siamese cat who had stayed for so short a time with her; somewhere in the Ironmouth Range a forester had reported seeing two dogs; and a surly farmer had been overheard in Joe Woods' general store, Philipville, saying that if he could lay

hands on a certain white dog ("Ugly as sin he was—a great vicious beast!") who had killed a flock of prizewinning chickens and savagely beaten up his poor collie, he would break every bone in his body!

"Good old Bodger!" Peter had said on hearing this, a smile lightening his face for the first time. "Always true to form! I don't believe it about the chickens, but I'm glad he managed to get in one more fight before . . ."

He left the sentence unfinished, unable to bring himself yet to put into words his certain conviction that he would never see Bodger again—his unrepentant wicked old Bodger, his life-long companion, was dead.

There was no doubt in Peter's secretly grieving heart. Even when the kindly James Mackenzie had called, giving the last and most reliable evidence that the two dogs had been alive ten days ago, he had not altered his pessimistic outlook.

"Luath will be dead by now, too," he had said, pulling out the map that Longridge had brought with him. "Look at the country they had ahead of them—worse than anything before! And you heard what Mr. Mackenzie said, that he didn't give much for Luath's chances as he was in such a terrible condition. How could Bodger make it alone?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake! Why do you have to be so pessimistic?" said Elizabeth with exasperation. "Nothing's ever desperate, you know!"

Elizabeth's attitude was the complete reversal of Peter's—she was completely and utterly convinced that Tao was alive and sooner or later would reappear. Nothing could shake her confidence despite the fact that nothing whatsoever had been heard of her cat since he had left the Nurmis.

Even her mother's tactful efforts to explain the odds against his return made no difference. When Mackenzie, during the telephone conversation, had mentioned the mysteriously unlatched stable door she had simply said, "That would be Tao, of course! Did Mrs. Mackenzie mention any eggs, Daddy?"

"Eggs?" asked her father in bewilderment.

"Yes, broken eggs—there's sure to be a hen-house at the farm and Tao can't resist a hen-house . . ." Suddenly realising that she was betraying a secret which only she and Tao shared, she added lamely, "He likes to sit on the eggs, you know! and I just thought he might have broken one or two!"

"The girl's mad!" was her brother's withering comment.

BUT Elizabeth was the only one who had this cheerful confidence that all was well. Any optimism held by the adults faded altogether on hearing from Mackenzie of the pitifully weakened condition of the young dog, on whom they had pinned their hopes. Now that ten silent days had passed with no message from the alert game wardens and rangers of the Strellon Reserve, it seemed inevitable that the two dogs had come to the end of their journey somewhere in that vast wilderness, and all that could be hoped was that death had come quickly and mercifully.

However, life had to go on, and something had to be done to lift the air of gloom and strain.

Longridge was still with them, and partly to get away from the endless telephone calls from well-meaning but ill-informed people—and partly because it was Peter's twelfth birthday the following Sunday, he suggested that they all camp out in the Hunter's summer cottage on Lake Windigo. Even though it had been closed for the winter, they could take sleeping-bags, using only the living-room and kitchen.

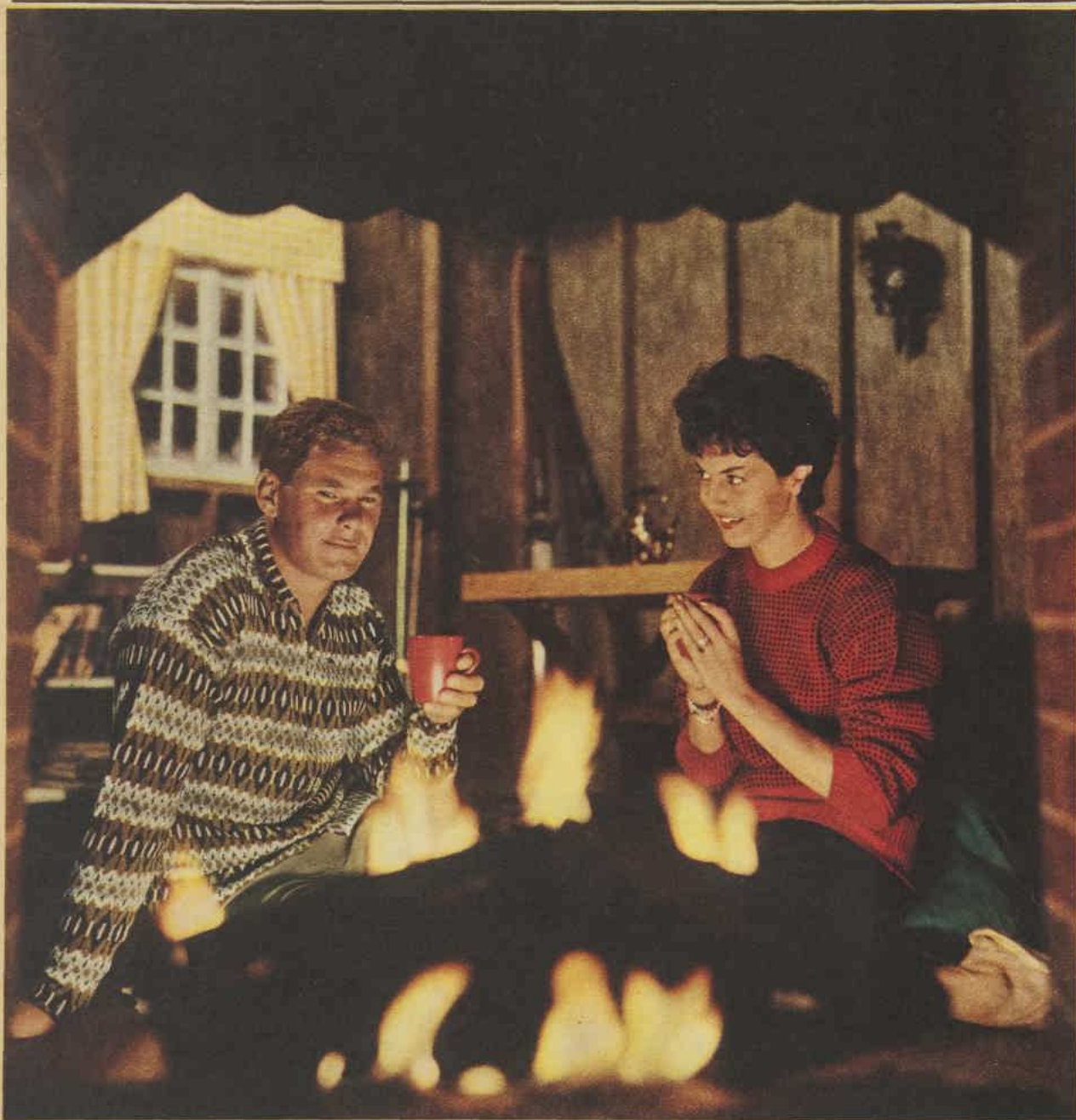
At first there had been qualms about leaving the house and telephone, but as Longridge pointed out, Lake Windigo lay on the direct westward route that he had drawn on the map, and the surrounding area was known for miles to the dogs: if they were alive they would almost certainly head for the cottage, where so many summers had been spent.

Everybody's spirits had revived at the cottage. It was all so different at this time of year that the children felt they were discovering new land.

Peter had a new camera and spent hours stalking chipmunks, squirrels, and birds with it. Elizabeth spent most of the days in a treehouse they had built the previous summer.

On the last afternoon, the Sunday of Peter's birthday, they all decided to make a last expedition, taking the old Allen Lake Trail, then cutting off up the face of the hill to Lookout Point, returning by the lake shore. It was an exhilarating walk through the crisp, clear air, the leaves thick and soft along the quiet trails and over everything the indefinable healing peace and stillness of the Northland bush.

They walked for the most part in companionable silence, each busy with his own thoughts. Jim Hunter reflected that a walk without a dog lacked savor—like food without salt, and he remembered other autumn days when, gun in hand, he had walked through this same peaceful solitude, Luath ranging from side to side; he remembered the excited summons to a treed partridge and the gentleness of his dog's mouth around the soft, fallen bird.



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NESCAFÉ



SE 512/61

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QUOKKAS, or Short-tailed Pademelons (*Setonix brachyurus*), are found in south-west Australia, especially on Rottnest Is. They looked like rats to the early Dutch explorers—"Rottnest" means "rat nest."

AUSTRALIAN NATURE

● As well as primitive egg-laying mammals like the Platypus, and the marsupials, which carry their young in pouches (the Kangaroo is the largest living marsupial), Australia has more advanced mammals called placentals. These include bats and rodents. The Pygmy Mouse pictured is a rodent. The Quokka and Marsupial Mouse are both marsupials.

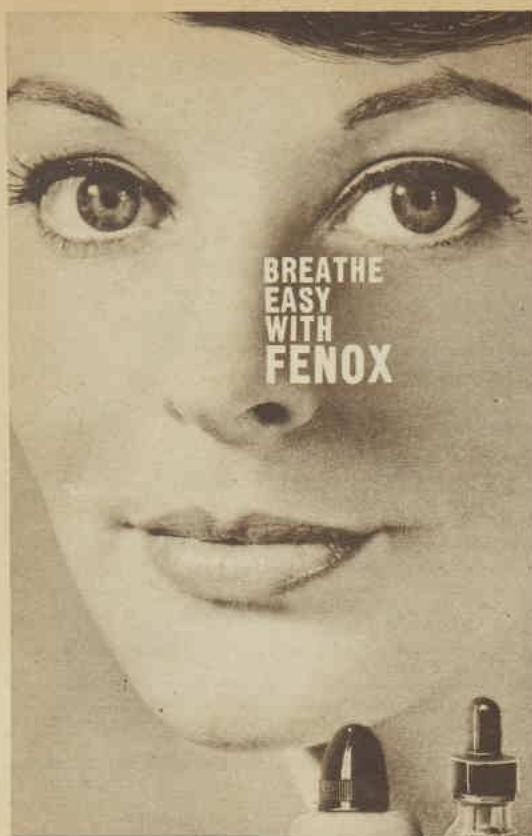
● Picture of Quokka by Mr. R. Oghorne, W.A. Others by Mr. B. J. Marlow, Australian Museum, Sydney.



COMMONEST Marsupial Mouse in eastern Australia is this yellow-footed species (*Antechinus flavipes*). It often builds nests in sandstone caves. Eats mostly moths and other insects.



PYGMY MOUSE (*Leggadina delicatula*) is found in the Northern Territory and Queensland, where it lives in shallow burrows. It is among the smaller species of native rodents.



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Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

from page 58

There is a bond, unique and incomparable, between a hunting dog and its master, something more than experiences shared or work well done. The thought of Luath's last retrieve as Mackenzie had described it, weak with semi-starvation, and the probable manner of his death affected Hunter more than he cared to admit to anyone.

Peter had taken a shortcut up the steep rockbound side of the hill. He sat on a log awaiting the others, staring into space, an overwhelming

Suddenly Elizabeth stood up. "Listen!" she said, "listen, Daddy — I can hear a dog barking!"

Complete silence fell as everyone strained their ears in the direction of the hills behind. No one heard anything.

"Darling, you're imagining things," said her mother, "or perhaps it was a fox. Come along, we must start back . . ."

"Wait, wait! Just one minute — you'll be able to hear

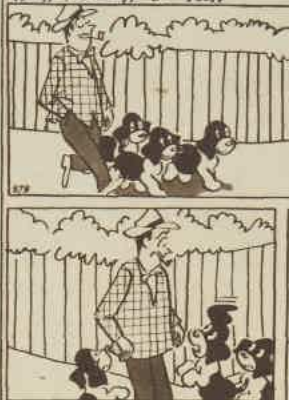
everyone straining to hear in an agony of suspense. Nothing was heard. But Elizabeth had been so convinced, the knowledge written so plainly on her face, that now Jim Hunter experienced a queer expectancy, every nerve in his body tingling with certain awareness that something was going to happen. He rose and hurried down the narrow path to where it joined the broader track leading around the hill. "Whistle, Dad!" said Peter breathlessly behind him. The sound rang out piercingly shrill and sweet, and almost before the echo rebounded a joyous answering bark rang around the surrounding hills.

fast as his legs would carry him toward his master, all his soul shining out of his sunken eyes, he felt a lump in his throat, and at the strange, inarticulate half-strangled noises that issued from the dog when he leaped at his master, and the expression on his friend's face, he had to turn away and pretend to loosen Tao's too loving paws.

Minutes passed; everyone had burst out talking and chattering excitedly, gathering around the dog, stroking and patting, until he, too, threw every vestige of restraint to the winds, barking as though

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



sense of loneliness and loss enveloped him again. They sat for a long time on the flat rocks of the Lookout Hill, where long ago the Indians had built their warning signal fires, looking across the endless tree-covered hills and chains of lakes to the distant blur that was the great Lake Superior. It was very peaceful and quiet; a chickadee sang his poignant little piece for them, and the inevitable whisky jack arrived on soundless wings to pick up biscuit crumbs from within a few feet. Everyone was silent, occupied with their own thoughts.

it in a minute, too," whispered Elizabeth, and her mother remembering the child's hearing was still young and acute enough to hear the squeaking noise of bats and other noises lost forever to adults, and now even to Peter, remained silent.

Elizabeth's tense, listening expression changed to a slowly dawning smile. "It's Luath!" she announced, matter-of-factly. "I know his bark!"

"Don't do this to us, Liz," said her father gently, disbelieving, "it's . . ."

Now Peter thought he heard something, too. "Shhh —" There was silence again,

They stood there in the quiet afternoon, a little group of people, their taut bodies slackened now with a relief of suspense; they stood at the road's end, waiting to welcome a weary traveller who had journeyed so far with such faith along it. They had not long to wait . . .

Hurting through the bushes on the high hillside of the trail a small black-tipped wheaten body leaped the last six feet down with careless grace and landed softly at their feet. The unearthly raucous wail of a welcoming Siamese rent the air. The first of the wanderers had returned!

Elizabeth's face was radiant with joy. She kneeled, and picked up the ecstatic purring cat. "Oh, Tao!" she said softly, and as she gathered him into her arms he wound his black needle-tipped paws lovingly around her neck. "Bad Taocat!" she whispered, burying her nose in his soft fur, "you have been very inconsiderable!"

"B e e e y o w l l o o o r r o o a m e e e e o o o w!" wailed Tao, tightening his grip in such an ecstasy of love that Elizabeth nearly choked.

Longridge had never thought of himself as being a particularly emotional man, but when the Labrador appeared an instant later, a gaunt, stare-coated shadow of the beautiful dog he had last seen, running as

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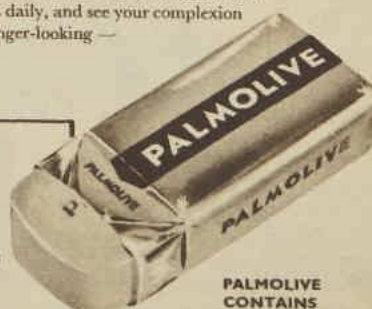
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FO99

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY

from page 60

In twelve years of life Peter had never given much thought to time: time was eternal, expendable. Now, in one infinitesimal second as he stood there rooted to the ground the full realisation of time flooded his mind—it was urgent, it was priceless, time was now!

Running as he had never run before, running as though he would outdistance time and steal an interlude before the relentless pursuing seconds which even now were becoming minutes caught up—Peter hurried himself toward his dog.

John Longridge turned away then and left them, an undistinguishable tangle of boy and dog in a world of their own. He walked down the

trail as in a dream, his eyes unseeing, his thoughts in a cloud.

Halfway down he became aware of a small animal running at lightning speed toward him. It swerved past his legs with an agile twist, and he caught a brief glimpse of a black masked face and a long black tail before it disappeared up the trail.

It was Tao, "inconsiderable Tao-cat," returning for his old friend, that they might end their incredible journey together.

The Hunters spent Christmas that year with John Longridge and his brother, taking with them Bodger,

Luath, and Tao. They drove down two days before, and on the way they stopped to make a visit to the Mackenzies. Peter and Elizabeth were taken out to that selfsame stable that had housed the dogs, for they had business with the new occupants—a fat purring tabby and her eight children. Four of the children were just like their mother; the other four took after their father; little creamy bodies already showing the beginnings of black stockings, and heart-shaped faces with black masks through which gleamed four pairs of sapphire-blue eyes!

When they said goodbye to the Mackenzies Peter, almost speechless with pleasure, was carrying an exquis-

ite model of the schooner Bluenose, and Elizabeth a shoe box with air-holes punched in it from which arose curious little bleating noises.

The next stop was a hundred miles on at the schoolteacher's house in Lintola. Here the noisy box was left, and on Christmas day a little girl called Helvi found it under her Christmas tree.

Bodger is still alive—rather too fat, and a little rheumatically, but he is as happy as a dog could be who has realised his fondest wish—he was awarded an armchair of his own on his thirteenth birthday!

He is generous enough to share it with his friend Tao.

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would never stop, shivering violently, his eyes alight and alive once more and never leaving his master's face.

The cat from Elizabeth's shoulder pined in howling raucously, everyone laughed, talked, or cried at once, and for a while there was pandemonium in the quiet wood.

Then suddenly, as though the same thought had struck them all simultaneously, there was silence. No one dared to look at Peter. He had not touched Luath, and turned away now when the dog at last came over to him, including him in an almost human greeting.

"I'm glad he's back, Dad," was all he said, "and your old Tao-cat, too!" he added to Elizabeth, with a white-lipped smile. Elizabeth, the factual, the matter-of-fact, burst into tears. Peter scratched Tao behind the ears, awkward, embarrassed. "Don't be silly, Dad," he said, "I'm not disappointed." "Not a bit," thought his Uncle John. "Your heart's just breaking, that's all." "I didn't expect anything else—I told you that—so stop crying—you're drowning, Tao!"

("You're going to be quite a man one day, Peter," was Longridge's unspoken thought.)

"I tell you what," the boy continued, with a desperate cheerfulness, avoiding the eyes of his silent, sympathetic family, "you go on down—I'll catch you up later. I want to go back to the Lookout and see if I can get a decent picture of that whisky rack."

"How about if I came, too, Peter?" said Uncle John. "I could throw the trunks and perhaps bring the bird searer?" Even as he spoke he could have bitten back the words, expecting a rebuff, but to his surprise the boy accepted his offer.

They watched the rest of the family wending their way down the trail. Tao still clutched in Elizabeth's arms, gentle worshipping Luath restored at last to the longed-for position at his master's side.

They returned to the Lookout Point. They took some photographs. And all the time they talked; they talked of rockets, orbits, space, and tomorrow's weather, but neither mentioned dogs.

Longridge looked surreptitiously at his watch, it was time to go. He looked at Peter. "We'd better go . . ." he started to say, but his voice trailed off as he saw the expression on the face of the tense, still, frozen boy beside him, then followed the direction of his gaze.

Down the trail, out of the darkness of the bush and into the light of the slanting bars of sunlight, joggling along with his curious nautical roll, came—Ch. Boroughcastle Brigadier of Doune!

Boroughcastle Brigadier's ragged banner of a tail streamed out behind him, his battle-scarred ears were upright and forward and his noble pink and black nose twitched, straining in unison to encompass all that his short peering gaze was denied. Thin and tired, hopeful—happy—and hungry—his credible face alight with expectation, the old warrior was returning from the wilderness. Bodger, beautiful for once, was coming as fast as he could.

He broke into a run, faster and faster, until the years fell away, and he hurled himself toward Peter.

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Continuing . . .

Along the hedge thirty or forty gigantic heads of sunflower were in full bloom, the huge faces staring like yellow guardians across the three sloping open meadows that lay between the Colonel and Miss Wilkinson, who lived in a small white weatherboard house down on the edge of a narrow stream.

Sometimes after torrential rains the little stream rose with devastating rapidity, flooding Miss Wilkinson, so that the Colonel had to be there at the double, to bale her out.

In the centre of the hedge was a stile and the Colonel, who in his crumpled suit of

sense, degenerate; if not immoral.

Miss Wilkinson having appeared in her garden in a large pink sunhat and a loose summery blue dress, the Colonel addressed her by smartly raising his yellow flag. Miss Wilkinson replied by promptly raising her blue one. This meant that they were receiving each other loud and clear.

The day in fact was so beautifully clear that the Colonel could actually not only see Miss Wilkinson in detail as she stood on the small wooden bridge that spanned the stream but he could also pick out slender spires of purple loosestrife among the

WHERE THE CLOUD BREAKS

from page 25

The Colonel had spent the morning since ten o'clock in a rush of perspiring industry, cleaning out the hen-house. The fact that he was going to tea with Miss Wilkinson had, like the precise date and month, somehow slipped his mind.

"You hadn't forgotten?" "Oh! No, no, I hadn't forgotten. Had an awfully long morning, that's all. Would you mind telling me what time it is now?"

In the clear summer air the Colonel could distinctly see the movement of Miss Wilkinson's arm as she raised it to look at her watch. He

have been a laugh or merely a bird-cry that the Colonel heard coming across the meadows. "Don't be too long. I have a surprise for you."

As he hurried back to the house the Colonel wondered, in a dreamy sort of way, what kind of surprise Miss Wilkinson could possibly have for him, and as he wondered he felt a sort of whisper travel across his heart. It was the sort of tremor he often experienced when he was on the way to see her or when he looked at the nape of her neck or when she spoke to him in some specially direct or unexpected sort of way. He would like to have put this feeling into words of some kind—signalling was child's play by comparison—but he was both too inarticulate and too shy to do so.

Half an hour later, after walking down through the meadows, he fully expected to see Miss Wilkinson waiting for him on the bank of the stream under the willow tree, where the tea-table, cool with a lace cloth, was already laid. But there was no sign of her

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



white duck looked something like a cadaverous baker out of work, now stood up on it and blew three sharp blasts on a whistle. This was the signal to fetch Miss Wilkinson from the kitchen, the greenhouse, the potting shed, or wherever she happened to be at the time.

The system of whistle and flag suited both the Colonel and Miss Wilkinson admirably, the Colonel because he hated the telephone so much and Miss Wilkinson because she couldn't afford to have the instrument installed.

For the same reasons neither of them owned either television or radio, the Colonel having laid it down in expressly severe terms, almost as if in holy writ, that he would not only never have such antisocial devices in the house, but that they were also, in a

many tall reeds that lined the banks like dark green swords. Both he and Miss Wilkinson, among their many other things in common, were crazy about flowers.

Having given himself another moment to get into correct position, the Colonel presently signalled to Miss Wilkinson that he was frightfully sorry to trouble her, but would she very much mind telling him what day it was?

To his infinite astonishment Miss Wilkinson signalled back that it was Thursday and, as if determined to leave no doubt about it, added that it was also August the second.

August? the Colonel replied. He was much surprised. He thought it was July.

No, no, it was August, Miss Wilkinson told him. Thursday the second—the day he was coming to tea.

himself never wore a watch. Though altogether less pernicious than telephone, television, and radio, a watch nevertheless belonged, in his estimation, to that category of inventions that one could well do without.

"Ten to four." Good heavens, the Colonel thought, now struck by the sudden realisation that he hadn't had lunch yet.

"I was expecting you in about ten minutes. It's so lovely I thought we'd have tea outside."

Admirable idea, the Colonel thought, without signalling it. What, by the way, had he done with the eggs? Were they on the boil or not? He couldn't for the life of him remember.

"Do you want any eggs?" he asked. "I have heaps." "No, thank you all the same. I have some." It might

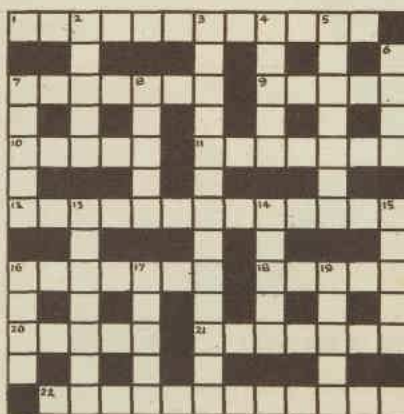
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Though colors they indicate discoloring (5, 3, 4).
7. Refrain, but not at the end of a stanza (7).
9. I break part performed by actor for an unctuous person or a machine attendant (5).
10. If a man, may be spiritual, but usually the stomach (5).
11. This detachment is not for sending letters (7).
12. Ornamental plants which are free, grand, slow (6, 7).
16. Once little girls made it as a specimen of skill (7).
18. Happen again concerning a worthless dog (5).
20. Small venomous snake (5).
21. Revenues (7).
22. Not a safe place for infants on a windy day (2, 3, 4, 3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Fire wilfully caused by regular songsters (5).
3. He can't be a member of the Church of England (13).
4. Puff up, mostly a lot (5).
5. Set free (7).
6. Irritate with brief retaliation (4).
7. Imitating with a sharp ringing sound (5).
8. Dwelling perched on a rock, but good for birds, too (5).
13. Fasting month of the Mohammedan year (7).
14. First name of man living in an Eskimo's rick (5).
15. Progenitors (5).
16. Swing in broken ways (4).
17. To leave in it is to desert in trouble (5).
19. Heavenly body, me in a small bed (5).

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2 HUNGARIAN MEAT BALLS (serves 4)



2 slices bacon, minced and cooked
1 cup minced cold beef
2 eggs well beaten
1 minced onion
1 cup thick tomato sauce

Mix bacon, minced beef, mashed potatoes, onion and paprika together. Make into balls. Combine tomato soup, "SUNSHINE" and water. Bring to boil and add the croquettes, which has been mixed with a little water. Stir and cook for 2 minutes. Fry meat balls until golden brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

3 AUSTRIAN MEAT CROQUETTES (serves 4)



1 tablespoon butter
4 tablespoons "SUNSHINE"
2 tablespoons "SUNSHINE"
Full Cream Powdered Milk
1 cup water
2 cups finely chopped cooked meat

Melt butter and blend in flour. Add "SUNSHINE" and water and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add meat, onion, seasoning and parsley and let chill. Form small patties and dip into breadcrumbs, then into slightly beaten egg mixed with 2 tablespoons water and then dip back into crumbs. Fry in hot fat until brown.

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there or in the greenhouse or in the kitchen.

Then, to his great surprise, he heard her voice calling him from some distance off, and a moment later he saw her twenty yards or so away, paddling in the stream.

"Just remembered I'd seen a bed of watercress yesterday and I thought how nice it would be. Beautifully cool, the water."

As he watched her approaching, legs bare and white above emerald skim of water-weed, the Colonel again experienced the tremor that circumvented his heart like a whisper. This time it was actually touched with pain, and there was nothing he could say.

"Last year there was a bed much farther upstream. But I suppose the seeds get carried down."

Miss Wilkinson was fair and pink, almost cherubic, her voice jolly. A

dewlap rather like those seen in ageing dogs hung floppily down on the collar of her cream shantung dress, giving her a look of friendliness and charm.

"The kettle's on already," she said. "Sit yourself down while I go in and get my feet dried."

The Colonel, watching her white feet half-running, half-trotting across the lawn, thought again of the surprise she had in store for him and wondered if paddling in the stream was it. No other, he thought, could have had a sharper effect on him.

When she came back, carrying a hot-water jug and teapot, she laughed quite gaily in reply to his query about the surprise. No: it wasn't paddling

in the stream. And she was afraid he would have to wait until after tea before she could tell him, anyway.

"Oh! how stupid of me," she said, abruptly pausing in the act of pouring tea. "I've forgotten the watercress."

"I'll get it, I'll get it," the Colonel said, at once leaping up to go into the house.

"Oh! no, you don't," she said. "Not on your life. My surprise is in there."

Later, drinking tea and munching brown bread and butter and cool sprigs of watercress dipped in salt, the Colonel found it impossible to

dwell on the question of the surprise without uneasiness. In an effort to take his mind off the subject he remarked on how good the sunflowers were this year and what a fine crop of seeds there would be. He fed them to the hens.

"I think it's the sunflowers that give the eggs that deep brown color," he said.

"You do?" she said. "By the way, did you like the pie I made for you?"

"Pie?" With silent distress the Colonel recalled a pie of morello cherries, baked and bestowed on him the day before she left. He had put it into the larder and forgotten it.

"It was delicious."

Continuing . . . WHERE THE CLOUD BREAKS

from page 62

Miss Wilkinson, looking at him rather as dogs sometimes look, head sideways, with a meditative glint in her eye, asked suddenly what he had had for lunch. Not eggs again? The Colonel shyly confessed that it had been eggs.

"I've told you before. You can't live on eggs all the time," she said. "I've been making pork brown this morning. Would you care for some of that?"

"Yes, I would. Thank you."

From these trivial discussions on food it seemed to the Colonel that a curious and elusive sense of intimacy sprang up. It was difficult to define, but it was almost as if either he or Miss Wilkinson had proposed to each other and had been, in spirit at least, accepted.

This made him so uneasy again that he suddenly came out with a highly important pronouncement.

"I've given up 'The Times.'"

"Oh, really. Wasn't that rather rash?"

"I don't think so. I've been considering it for some time actually. You see, one is so busy with the hens and the garden and all that sort of thing that quite often one gets no time to read until ten o'clock. Which is absurd. I thought that from time to time I might perhaps borrow yours?"

"Of course. But are you quite sure you won't feel lost without a paper?"

"No, no. I don't think so. I haven't missed it so far. One gets surfeited with these wretched conferences and ministerial comings and goings and world tension and so on. One wants to be away from it all."

"One mustn't run away from life." Life was what you made it, the Colonel pointed out. He preferred it as much as possible untrammelled.

Accepting Miss Wilkinson's offer of a third cup of tea and another plate of the delicious watercress, he suddenly realised that he was ravenously hungry. There was a round plum cake on the table and his eye kept wandering back to it with the poignant voracity of a boy after a game of football. After a time Miss Wilkinson noticed this and started to cut the cake.

"I'm thinking of going fishing again very soon," the Colonel said. "If I bag a trout or two perhaps you might care to join me for supper?"

"I should absolutely love to."

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IT was a remark of such direct intimacy, delivered in a moist, jolly voice, that had the Colonel's heart in its curious whispering state again. In silence he contemplated the almost too pleasant prospect of having Miss Wilkinson to supper. He would try his best to cook the trout nicely, in butter, and not burn them. Perhaps he would also be able to manage a glass of wine.

"I have a beautiful white delphinium in bloom," Miss Wilkinson said. "I want to show it to you after tea."

"That isn't the surprise?"

Miss Wilkinson laughed.

"You must forget all about the surprise. You're like a small boy who can't wait for Christmas."

The Colonel apologised for what seemed to be impatience, and then followed this with a second apology, saying he was sorry he'd forgotten to ask Miss Wilkinson if she had enjoyed the long visit to her sister.

"Oh! splendidly. It really did me the world of good. One gets sort of hamstrung by one's habits, don't you think? It's good to get away."

To the Colonel her long absence had seemed exactly the opposite. He would like to have told her how much he had missed her. Instead, something made him say:

"I picked up a dead goldfinch in the garden this morning. It had fallen among the seakale. Its yellow wing was open on one of the grey leaves and I thought it was a flower."

"The cat, I suppose?"

"No, no. There was no sign of violence at all."

Away downstream a dove cooed, breaking and yet deepening all the drowsiness of the summer afternoon. What did one want with world affairs, presidential speeches, threats of war and all those things? The Colonel wondered. What had newspapers ever given to the world that could be compared with that one sound, the solo voice of the dove by the waterside?

"No, no. No more tea, thank you. Perhaps another piece of cake."

The last crumb of cake having been consumed, the Colonel followed Miss Wilkinson into the flower garden to look at the white delphinium. Its snowy grace filled him with an almost ethereal

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sense of calm. He couldn't have been, he thought, more happy.

"Very beautiful. Most beautiful."

"I'm going to divide it in the spring," Miss Wilkinson said, "and give you a piece."

After a single murmur of acceptance for this blessing the Colonel remained for some moments speechless while another tremor travelled round his heart.

"Well, now," Miss Wilkinson said, "I think I might let you see the surprise if you're ready."

He was not only ready but even eager.

"I'll lead the way," Miss Wilkinson said.

She led the way into the sitting-room, which was beautifully cool and full of the scent of small red carnations.

The Colonel, who was not

Continuing . . . WHERE THE CLOUD BREAKS

from page 64

even conscious of being a hopelessly untidy person himself, nevertheless was always struck by the pervading neatness, the laundered freshness, of all parts of Miss Wilkinson's house. It was like a little chintz holy-of-holies.

"Well, what do you say? There it is."

The Colonel, with customary blissful absentmindedness, stared about the room without being able to note that anything had changed.

"I must say I don't really see anything in the nature of a surprise."

"Oh! you do. Don't be silly."

No, the Colonel had to confess,

there was nothing he could see. It was all exactly as he had seen it the last time.

"Over there. In the corner. Of course, it's rather a small one. Not as big as my sister's."

It slowly began to reach the blissfully preoccupied cloisters of the Colonel's mind that he was gazing at a television set. A cramping chill went round his heart. For a few unblissful moments he stared hard in front of him, tormented by a sense of being unfairly trapped.

"My sister gave it to me. She's just bought herself a new one."

"You mean you've actually got it permanently?"

"Why, yes. Of course."

The Colonel found himself speaking

with a voice so constricted that it seemed almost to be disembodied.

"But I always thought you hated those things."

"Well, I suppose there comes a day. I must say it was a bit of a revelation at my sister's. Some of the things one saw were absorbing. For instance, there was a programme about a remote Indian tribe in the forests of South America that I found quite marvellous." The Colonel was stiff, remote-eyed, as if not listening. "This tribe was actually dying out, corrupted—"

"Corrupted by what? By civilisation my guess would be."

"As a matter of fact, they were. For one thing they die like flies from measles."

"Naturally. That," the Colonel said, "is what I am always trying to say."

"Yes, but there are other viewpoints. One comes to realise that."

"The parallel seems to me to be an exact one," he said.

There was now a certain chill, almost of iciness, in the air. The ethereal calm of the afternoon, its emblem the white delphinium, seemed splintered and blackened. The Colonel, though feeling that Miss Wilkinson had acted in some way like a traitor, at the same time had no way of saying so. It was all so callous, he thought, so shockingly out of character. He managed to blurt out: "I really didn't think you'd come down to this."

"I didn't come down to it, as you so candidly put it. It was simply a gift from my sister. You talk about it as if I'd started taking some sort of horrible drug."

"In a sense you have."

"I'm afraid I disagree again."

"All these things are drugs. Cinema, radio, television, telephone, even newspapers. That's really why I've given up 'The Times.' I thought we always agreed on that?"

"We may have done. At one time. Now we'll have to agree to differ."

"Very well."

A hard lump rose in the Colonel's throat and stuck there. A miserable sense of impotence seized him.

"I might have shown you a few minutes of it and converted you," Miss Wilkinson said. "But the aerial isn't up yet."

"I don't think I want to be converted, thank you."

"I hoped you'd like it and perhaps come down in the evenings sometimes and watch."

"Thank you, I shall be perfectly happy in my own way."

"Very well. I'm sorry you're so stubborn about it."

THE Colonel was about to say with acidity that he was not stubborn, and then changed his mind and said curtly that he must go. After a painful silence Miss Wilkinson said: "Well, if you must, I'll get the pork brawn."

"I don't think I care for the pork brawn, thank you."

"Just as you like."

At the door of the sitting-room the Colonel paused, if anything stiffer than ever, and remarked that if there was anything he particularly wanted he would signal her.

"I shan't be answering any signals," Miss Wilkinson said.

An agony of disbelief went twisting through the Colonel, imposing on him a momentary paralysis. He could only stare.

"Does that mean you won't be speaking to me again?"

"I didn't say that."

"I think it rather sounds like that."

"Then you must go on thinking it sounds like that."

It was exactly as if Miss Wilkinson had slapped him harshly in the face; it was precisely as if he had proposed and been rudely rejected.

"Goodbye," he said in a cold and impotent voice.

"Goodbye," she said. "I'll see you out."

"There's no need to see me out, thank you. I'll find my way alone."

Back in his own kitchen the Colonel discovered that the eggs had boiled black in the saucepan and brown smoke was hanging everywhere. Trying absent-mindedly to clear up the mess, he twice put his sleeve in the jam dish without noticing it.

In the garden the dead goldfinch still lay on the silvery leaf of seakale and he stood staring at it for a long time.

Finally, he went back to the house, took out the signalling flags and went over to the stile. Standing on it, he gave three blasts on the whistle, but nothing happened in answer.

Then the Colonel decided to send a signal. The three words he wanted so much to send were "Please forgive me," but after some moments of contemplation he found that he had neither the heart nor the will to raise a flag.

Instead, he simply stood immovable by the stile, staring across the meadows in the evening sun. His eyes were blank. They seemed to be groping in immeasurable appeal for something, and as if in answer to it the long row of great yellow sunflower faces stared back at him in that wide, laughing, almost mocking way sunflowers have.

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MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



THE MEMBERS of the outer-space summit conference have all come to an old house to hold their talks. Many strange things have been happening since they came to Earth, but no one yet suspects just how strange they are. NOW READ ON ...

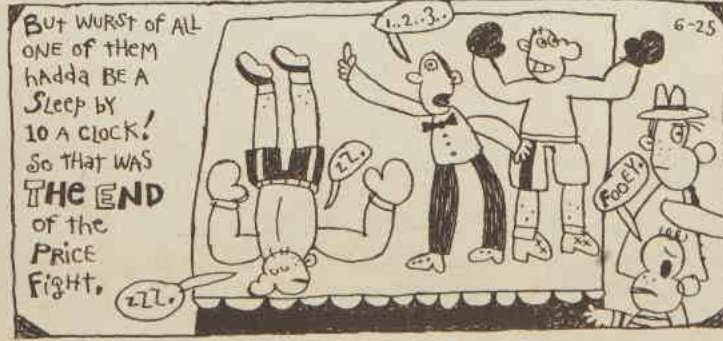
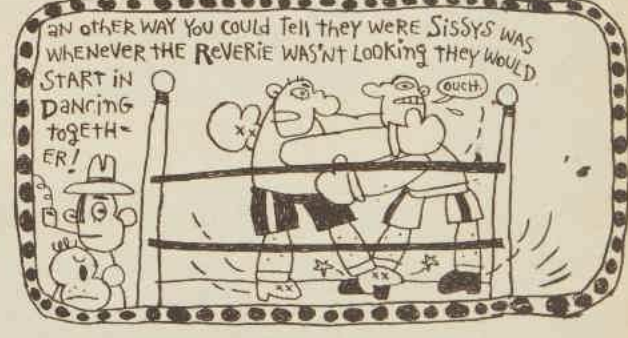
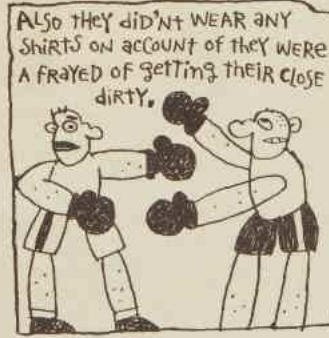
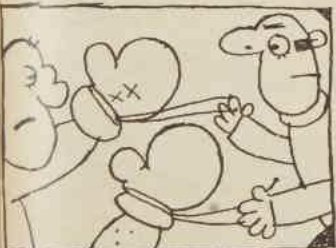


Jacky's Diary

By JACKY MENDELSON
age 33 1/2



ANOTHER thing WAS they HAD to HAVE their MITTENS tied ON so they WOODEN LOSE them.



PS: I wantid to TAKE HOME A SOOVINEER to PASTE in my SCRAP BOOK, but Daddy SAID they WOOD NEED the CHAIR for the necks PRICE Fight.
YOUR FRIEND, Jacky



A Happy Choice

OF WHOLESOME CREAM FLAVOURS



famous
Cream Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

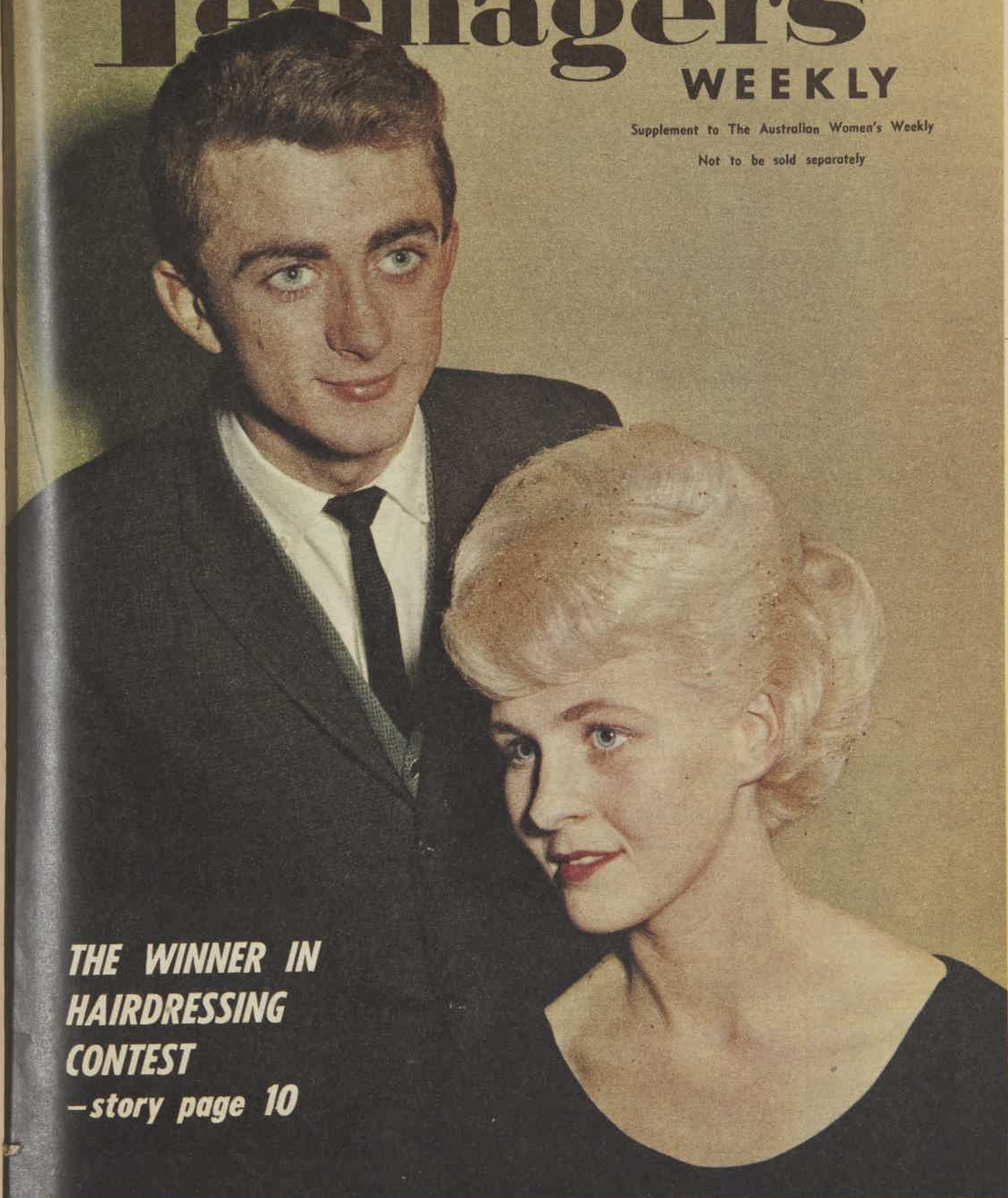
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 2, 1961

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



**THE WINNER IN
HAIRDRESSING
CONTEST**
—story page 10

LETTERS

So many things to do

A TEENAGER is expected to behave as an adult, yet he is not given the freedom which adults enjoy.

Until he goes to work he has little money to spend, and must rely on his parents for everything. Consequently he has not the delightfully satisfying feeling of independence.

One of the great disadvantages of being a teenager is to have too many irons in the fire. Naturally, the teenager wants to keep up with the crowd, have a fast car, go out several nights a week, wear stunning clothes, have oodles of boy- or girl-friends. But there is study to be done, school to attend, chores, and a million-and-one other things to worry about.

And, of course, parents will insist, and quite rightly, too, that

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

their charge goes to bed at a reasonable hour.

However, it is great fun to go to a party now and then, to be irresponsible and mad occasionally, and terribly wise and knowledgeable other times, not to worry about income tax and the "credit squeeze," to dig jazz like mad, and to plan your future. —Maria Hehie, Charman Road, Mentone, Vic.

Leaving school

MY mother wants me to go through to fifth year at school and become a teacher. I keep telling her I want to leave

when I finish third year, but she tells me that she knows what is best for me.

I realise that I must respect my mother's wishes and that I must work and study toward this end, but I don't want to stay on. —A.B.C., Railway St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

Dyeing moods

EVERY time I feel I need a real lift I change my hair color. It's amazing how different it makes me feel. For instance, when I want to feel cool and elegant I go blonde or striking red. As long as it's not overdone I think there's nothing wrong with having one's hair color changed once in a while. —"Temporary Brunette," Banyo, Qld.

Dress parades

WHAT is the world coming to? I go to high school, where the discipline was always rather strict, but lately it has been tightening up. We are now told how to wear our hats. Every so often we have a dress parade to see that everyone is properly dressed. I think that girls who have reached the age to be able to go to high school should know how to dress. —"Grown-up," Brisbane.

Cinema prices

MY girl-friend in Canada tells me that teenagers there get special Students' Privilege Cards from a chain of cinemas. The full price for a ticket might be one dollar, whereas the pass enables them to attend for 65 cents. This saving certainly adds up, and it would be marvellous if something along the same line could be adopted for use throughout Australia for school-children. —S. Gerity, Marine Parade, Manly, N.S.W.

Gone fission

ALMOST every day one reads in the papers of nuclear disarmament. I think the whole idea is ridiculous, and I am entirely for the continuation of nuclear research and testing. People say that nuclear warfare will mean the end of the human race, but how can they be sure? After all, the people of the early twentieth century thought that guns and bombs were the ultimate weapons. —A. Hutton, Mount Waverley, Vic.

On target

IF you are looking for an interesting, all-year-round sport, why not try archery? Learning to use a bow is not hard. Archery can cover target work, shooting for distance, and the ultimate aim of most archers—hunting. A bow is by no means a toy. Using it helps to build up muscles and to gain complete muscle control. And there is a terrific sense of achievement in being successful with the bow. —Peter Moors, Luhrs Road, Payneham, S.A.

BEATNIK



"Maybe not the dirtiest pad around, man, but it sure is the smelliest."

Pro-teacher

HAVE you ever thought how much time a teacher spends preparing a timetable and compiling a programme for class work? It's far more time than a fifth-year student spends on his homework.

What of the correction of homework? The teacher has to answer the questions he prepares for you, and while you do only one set of homework he has to mark about 40, as well as writing comments to help you with your work.

Students complain about too much homework, but they should give some thought to their teachers, who have more to do than they have. —R.T., Cannon Hill, Qld.

Next week

BOYS are beginning to ask parents for keys to their wardrobes. Why? Because sisters are raiding them — and next week we show some of our loveliest "Girls in Brothers' Clothing." ALSO . . . on our cover we have a candid shot of the Hon. Katherine Sidney, 18-year-old daughter of Australia's new Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle.

Bored with old routine?

• Winter is the time to be different.

ARE you one of those lucky ones who have the gift of being able to cook? Instead of sticking to that steak and apple pie, why not try some Wiener Schnitzel or Sukiyaki?

And for those who are not cooks, buy a carton of yoghurt instead of a milkshake and liverwurst instead of your usual sausage.

Or you could have salami—lots of different types. If you don't like it, it doesn't matter. Keep on experimenting.

Which of you have had Chinese, Malayan, or Japanese

food? It's really delicious! But you'll never know until you've tried it.

Then there is recreation. In winter one always hears the cry: "But it's raining! What can I do?" Well, have you tried walking in the rain? It really is fun when you are out by yourself (or with a friend) with the rain dripping off your mackintosh and the end of your nose. And plenty of rainwater is marvellous for your complexion.

If, at the weekend, you just walk aimlessly around your particular suburb, STOP! Take some lunch with you and go on a train-ride to a place you've never been to.

If you're the indoor type, why not try something new, such as Japanese flower-arranging? If you don't like that, why not redecorate your bedroom?

If you are not trusted with a paintbrush, you could go to a travel agent and ask him for some large, colored posters of that country you are dying to visit. Then pin them round your bedroom wall.

Or you could settle for rearranging your bedroom furniture. You spend a lot of time in it, so go ahead and make the room interesting and unusual.

If you've always hated jazz (or classical music, or rock-'n-roll), now is the time to give it a chance — listen to it with an open mind, and you may find something good in it.

That's about all, I think. But remember, change and be different this winter. It's well worth it. —Gillian Brophy, Beach St., Coogee, N.S.W.

How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.

1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.
3. Comb Curlypet quickest through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET . . . AT ANY PRICE!

15 sets for 4/10

So—Quickest with Curlypet!

Curlypet

MOST ARDENT FAN



CLIFF RICHARD'S most ardent fan is Linda Ball, 15, of London, shown here with some of the 1460 photographs of her idol which she has collected during the past two years. Linda also has a copy of every disc Cliff has cut and tape recordings of every song he has sung in public.

Our pin-up

CLIFF HAS CLIMBED TO THE TOP

● British singing idol Cliff Richard is only 20, but he has been on top of the "rock" for several years — and looks like staying there.

NOW, after completing the film "The Young Ones" in Britain, he is booked to tour Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Sydney in October.

Cliff's records nearly always top the million mark. His earnings (£1250 a week) enable him to run an enormous, high-powered car, and to buy his family a beautiful house. He has offers to tour all over the world.

"But I still worry about the future," Cliff says. "Every time a new record comes out I sit around worrying if it's going to make it. Fame? One doesn't feel any different. The only thing is that you can go out and buy clothes you couldn't afford before."

Cliff buys a lot of clothes, favoring shirts and casual wear.

In Britain Cliff's records sell more than any other singer's (except ever-green Elvis Presley, who's an American, anyway), and his fans scream longer and louder, too.

But still Cliff seems really worried about the insecurity of a show-business career. It's probably because he's got the responsibility of his mother and three sisters since his father died a while ago. Cliff's head of the family now.

His philosophy is not to take show-business too seriously.

"Once you do that," he says, "you're in danger of losing your sanity."

"In this business you either go up or down. Stand still and you're finished. I reckon I'll have three more years as a singer. That's why I want to broaden my scope to take in acting."

"I'd like to be the kind of entertainer Sammy Davis Jr. is. That guy can out-dance, out-talk, and out-sing anybody."

One of Cliff's best friends is his Australian manager, Peter Gormley, who, with their instrumental group, "The Shadows," will tour Australia with Cliff.





Girls do man-sized



The wind ruffling their hair, Susan and Denise (left) check the orders on the deck of the ferry Cowan. Above, pulling into a wharf, Susan hands the morning papers to a young boy on the wharf. Right, clutching the milk "empties," Denise leaps aboard as the ferry pulls out from a jetty.



THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman.

● KARL MARX (1818-1883) and FRIEDRICH ENGELS (1820-1895): "The Communist Manifesto."

IT has been said that no thinker in the 19th century has had so direct, deliberate, and powerful an influence on mankind as Karl Marx.

For that reason alone it is worth reading "The Manifesto of the Communist Party," for which his co-worker, Engels, is partly responsible.

Up to 1848 Marx, a German-Jewish middle-class intellectual, spent most of his years as a journalist in Cologne, Paris, and Brussels. Forced to leave Prussian territory, he emigrated to England. The last 34 years of his life were spent there, mainly in the British Museum. Marx's life was uneventful; it became more significant after his death.

His main work is "Capital," but there is no point in reading it unless you are a very earnest student. It is very difficult to read—a great deal of it is out of date, and it was written in a heavy, German style. It would be best to read a summary of its ideas.

"The Communist Manifesto," however, is quite readable. It is not a great work of literature, it is propaganda—but propaganda on the grand scale.

In clear terms it presents the main ideas of pure Communism. For instance, it states that the history of civilisation is a history of a struggle between the classes: that there must be a total overturning of society and not merely a political revolution.

"The Manifesto" begins with one of the most famous sentences ever written: "A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism." It ends with three sentences no less famous: "The proletarians (factory workers) have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Working-men of all countries, unite."

The history of both the Western and Communist worlds has already demonstrated that Marx's concluding sentences are not true, but the influence of "The Manifesto" still remains one of the realities of our time.

● FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE (1844-1900): "Thus Spoke Zarathustra." Selected Works.

THIS was the man who began the cult of the Superman. The Nazis exploited Nietzsche's doctrines—the celebration of war, ruthlessness, and the idea of an elite class, but Nietzsche would have despised Hitler. He was not anti-Semitic and he condemned German nationalism.

He was a total revolutionary, even more perhaps than Marx. He thought that Christianity was "slave-morality." He rejected the virtues of sympathy and tolerance in favor of "the will to power."

He stressed the positive power of heroic suffering and tragic experience. No one can deny his extraordinary gift for language and his wonderful poetical images, but his writing was uncontrolled and he must be read with a critical mind.

On the other hand, he helped to point out to his century, and ours, many of our hypocrisies and our cowardice.

● NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI (1469-1527): "The Prince."

MACHIAVELLI was a practical politician. Under the Florentine Republic he held office for 14 years, serving as a diplomat and army organiser.

In "The Prince" he put down his observations of the Italian city States and the emerging nations of the Western Europe of his time, particularly France.

Machiavelli's reputation—that of a godless and cynical defender of force and fraud in politics—was the result of misunderstanding. All he did was to tell the truth about power as he saw it in operation, and if the truth is not pretty he can hardly be blamed for that.

Machiavelli was no hater of mankind, neither was he devilish nor neurotic. What he really wanted was a united Italy, free of Spanish and French domination.

"The Prince" is a manual. It tells the ambitious leader how he must gain, maintain, and centralise power. Because the politics of European nationalism have been, in part, guided by this icy, terrifyingly intelligent book of instruction, it is well worth reading.

NEXT WEEK: Donne, Milton, Wordsworth.

job on ferry

By Diane Roberts

● Early each morning a small white ferry pulls away from a wharf with a cargo of milk, papers, groceries—and a few passengers. It's a man-sized job that the crew of three has, and two of them are teenage girls.

THE owner-driver of the ferry is Mr. Keith Egan and the two deckhands are his daughter, Susan, and her girl-friend Denise Murphy, both 15.

Susan and Denise help Mr. Egan carry out a vital service on Pittwater, 20 miles north of Sydney. Local residents around the bays and on Scotland Island can be reached only by boat, so the ferry acts as grocer's van, breadcart, and transport service, and it's crew as postie and milko.

On a fine Saturday morning recently I boarded the ferry Cowan with Susan and Denise at Church Point wharf. As we headed toward Scotland Island, our first stop, Susan stacked crates of milk and Denise checked orders and sorted newspapers in order of delivery.

As we pulled into the first wharf the girls swung into action. Susan leapt from the ferry to the wharf with milk bottles and papers. Denise put ashore a box of groceries, then deftly caught the empty milk bottles thrown by Susan.

A shout from Denise, "O.K., Mr. Egan," and Susan jumped back on to the boat as we pulled away. Everything was done so smoothly and quickly we scarcely seemed to stop.

Watching their spectacular feats of jumping, I asked the girls if they had ever fallen into the water.

Denise almost shivered as she said: "I went in once from the

boat when we were loading at Church Point. It was winter and very cold, but everyone just stood back and laughed."

Pointing to a neat house nestling among the trees, Susan added: "That's where I live and this is our wharf."

As the girls unloaded the Egan's supplies, Mrs. Egan waved from the house.

Leaving Scotland Island, we headed for Lovetts Bay, where we found several people waiting on the end of jetties. Some asked the ferry to call back later with special orders and all chatted with the girls.

From Lovetts we chugged around the corner to Elvina Bay, where Denise lives. At one stop a very dignified gentleman sat on the end of his wharf in his pyjamas, holding a fishing line.

"Caught anything yet," asked Denise. He shook his head and reached for the paper Susan held out to him.

This finished the morning's work, which had taken just over an hour, so we headed back to Church Point. Susan and Denise sat on the deck in the sun.

"We each get 25/- a week," said Denise. "It's a good way to earn pocket-money."

"We do it every morning before the school ferry leaves at 8 o'clock, and at weekends."

Having spent an hour every day in a boat on the water, what do you think these girls do in their spare time? You've guessed it. They go sailing!

THE BOY FOR YOU....

TINKER, tailor, soldier, sailor,
Maybe king, maybe failure?
Wonder who your love will be?
Read this poem, dear, and see.

BEATNIK GIRL, full of sorrow,
Lives today, forgets tomorrow.
Long lank hair, book of verse,
Highbrow-mind, and empty purse.
Too intense, and caring little,
Biting wit, but never brittle.

THE BOY for you will have to be
Mature and boyish, equally.
Wise is he, thoughtful, too.
"Little girl lost," he says of you.

JEAN-CLAD TOMBOY, gay and free,

Always running, or up a tree.
Eyes a-sparkle, hair a muss?
Hating frills, loathing fuss.
Loves to read, loves to flirt,
Easily pleased, easily hurt.

THE BOY for you is sweet and kind,
Hair a muss? He doesn't mind!
Man to lean on, heart of gold,
An understanding hand to hold.

EXOTIC, exciting, talent galore,
Rather dramatic, never a bore.
Crazy clothes, madcap schemes,
A hundred boys, a thousand dreams.
First she's happy, then she's down,
Now a princess, now a clown.

MAN AMONG MEN, the rugged type,
Old tweed jacket, smokes a pipe.
Poetic, gentle, yet with "elan,"
In age-old sense, a gentleman.

SOPHISTICATE with fashion flair,
Madly chic, with elegant air.
Art shows, music, clever chatter,
Meeting people—these things matter.
A busy girl, she's loving life,
Who will want her as his wife?

A BOY of many worlds, I think,
The city life, and champagne (pink).
Cultured, rich, so debonair,
You two make a handsome pair.

GIRL NEXT DOOR, so very sweet,
A nicer girl you'd never meet.
Quiet and pretty—never a boo!
Could be that girl (could be you!),
Domestic type, and gently shy,
Perfect wife for a lucky guy.

HE ROAMS the world with derring-do,
Looking for someone just like you.
He's very handsome—a cavalier!
Worry not—he's really a dear.

—Katrina Petersen





SUIT in an "earth" toning—a new international fashion note. Coat has a hook vent, raised seams. Fabric — a fine English corded wool. Trousers are cuffless, pleatless, with slanting pockets. Waistcoat is made in tiny-checked silk brocade.



The teen ab



SCENE is autumn — the mood, spring, with this French pure wool suit in a fine houndstooth design. Coat has side vents, slanting pockets and flap, raised seams, and clover-leaf lapels. Stiletto-slim trousers are pleatless, with slash pockets and narrow cuffs—a new world trend.

ITALIAN wool makes this elegant suit. Again the side vents, slanting pockets with flap and raised seams. New accent is trochus-shell buttons on the coat. Stiletto trousers have slash pockets, narrow cuffs, and pleatless front. Bold striped lining a new accent for the coat.

Pictures by staff photographer Adeline Harlow

out town goes ... INTERNATIONAL



● Here . . . a preview glimpse at a young-man-about-town's spring-into-summer wardrobe. The mood is young, the clothes are carefree, the look—international! Styles come from England, Europe, America—adapted to our free and easy way of life. The fabrics, too, come from all over the world . . . wool from Spain, French silks and cotton, and fine, hand-loomed silk from Italy.



SPORTS trousers show the trend toward the stiletto look. Again, the pleatless front, and slanting pockets with a narrow, lin. cuff. Material is a Spanish pure wool in a plaid design.



SPORTS coat from an Italian hand-loomed silk, featuring slanting pockets with flaps. Trousers are made from French cotton with a fine corded finish. They are cuffless and have only one pleat.

TWO evening suits, left, a tuxedo of "weightless" Australian wool, silk shawl collar, hook centre vent. Right, Italian wool and mohair, with silk facings on collar. Trousers narrow and pleatless.



Men's fashions by Anthony Squires Pty. Ltd.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 2, 1961

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

**Louise
Hunter**

Here's

your answer

Changing religion

"I AM a girl of 15 writing to you on the subject of changing my religion from Church of England to Roman Catholic. My parents do not approve of my doing so, as they consider the religion I have is sufficient and easy for me to understand. Please understand this is not a phase I'm going through, as I have wanted to do so since I was 10 years old. When I am old enough to do so, could you please tell me whom I should contact, if anyone, as I think I should wait until I'm old enough so I won't hurt my parents in any way. Do you think I am foolish to want to change my religion and that I should stay as I am?"

"Undecided," Tas.

The question of changing your religion is one of the big things of life. I do not feel fitted to advise about it. No one could advise you on this, I think, except your own spiritual adviser (your local parson), your parents, and your own conscience.

I think it is right that you should wait until you come of age before you do anything about it, as your parents desire.

In the time until you are 21, you should be able, with spiritual help, to resolve the doubts which obviously have beset you about such a step.

Should you decide to change when you are 21, you should once more consult your parson and later the Roman Catholic priest in your town.

Brush-off

"I AM 16 and have been going steady with a girl for two months. I know her parents, and both families are well acquainted and approve of our friendship. With our friends every Saturday night, we all go out to the pictures in two cars. Nearly all the kids pair off and it is really quite harmless. Last Saturday when we met we arrived late and my girl-friend and I were ushered into seats away from each other. When I saw her at interval I told her there was a seat next to me, but she said she didn't want to leave the girl she was sitting with on her own. This I understood, but after the show she completely ignored me, and when I asked her what was wrong she said she had heard a few opinions about me from a friend. I asked her what, but she wouldn't say. I love her very much, but I don't know what to do. I can't think of anybody who would tell her things against me and I can't think of anything that I could have done in the past. Please try to help me, as I don't know what to do."

"Billyboy," Vic.

I hate to be the one to tell you this, but this girl is giving you the brush-off. She wants to get rid of you. You'll just have to accept it and find someone else.

From the sound of it, I think you're very lucky. Any girl who would make up a story about her friends telling her things about you is not worth bothering about. And if she didn't make it up, and some "friend" did carry a malicious tale about you — well, if she takes notice of it she's just as bad.

Find yourself another girl, and have no more to do with the old one.

Girls not ladies

"WE are a group of three students sitting for our Leaving Certificate this year, and we require your advice on a rather delicate point of etiquette. At our co-ed. school we are confronted with a problem which may seem trivial to some but which, we know, applies to many other boys who hold drivers' licences. A select minority of the girls in our form think nothing of utilising the fact that we have the use of our respective families' cars. They apparently believe that we are obliged to provide transport for them at mutually attended functions. Our social obligations lie elsewhere and our impartial relationship with them extends no further than an occasional chat, hence we feel at times embarrassed and perplexed when such a situation arises. Your advice on the correct method to decline tactfully and graciously would be appreciated."

"Glum," W.A.

There is no tactful and/or gracious way of dealing with tactless, or perhaps insensitive, females.

One definition of a lady you might not have heard is a female who makes

it easy for a male to be a gentleman. These girls obviously don't know about this, or they would couch any transport requests they made in such terms that it was easy for you to refuse graciously.

There's only one thing left to you, the one thing you should have thought of first—the truth. Tell them the exact position: that your social obligations lie elsewhere and that they will have to find some other transport.

Act like men about this, not like mice, or soon these girls will be dominating your social life completely.

Test of love

"MY boy-friend is nearly three years my senior (I am 17). We have been going together for over a year and both have admitted to being in love with each other. However, as I have not finished school yet, and he works, we have different interests in some ways. I would like to break off with him for a while so that we could really make a test of our love, and apart from that I could get a bit more study done. I am quite good at school and he really does not affect my study. In fact, he helps me with some of my work when I ask him. Anyway, he made an awful fuss when I suggested that we break off. Do you think I am being unfair to him asking him to do this? I suppose this might mean I would lose him completely, but if we truly loved each other it would only be a probationary period. I would greatly appreciate your advice."

M.K., N.S.W.

I think you are being completely fair to him, fair to yourself, and so far-sighted that I doubt whether you love him. I think you recognise this, and are doing exactly the right thing. Don't let a fuss deter you.

Boy—or car?

"I AM 17, and have been going steady for five months with a boy I met through my brother. My brother and this boy were then good friends and still are. I broke off with this boy a while back, telling him I still liked him but I felt I wanted my freedom, as I was still young. Now I have got my

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



CANEY coconut ice is delightful, delicious, delectable, and wonderful wet Sunday afternoon kitchen fun.

You'll find the ingredients in most pantries and they cost very little. All you need is one pound of sugar, half cup of water, and a small cup of grated coconut.

Boil the three ingredients together until it forms a thread when tried between finger and thumb.

When it gets to this stage, take it off the stove and stir madly until it gets white and creamy. Then pour it into a greased tin till it cools. Cut into blocks when cold . . . and yum-yum.

If you want to be really fancy you can make a separate batch while the white is setting, color it pink with a few drops of cochineal, and when the white is quite set pour the pink on top. Enjoy yourself.

freedom I feel very moody and depressed and have realised I want him more than ever. Also, when we were going together we usually walked or —when he could get it—we went in his father's car. Since our break-up he got his own car, and I know he will think I want him now because of this. What can I do to show him I want him and not his car? How can I attract his attention and get into a conversation with him and become good friends once again, as I really like him very much?"

"Broken-hearted," N.S.W.

I don't know. I can't offer any suggestions at all because you haven't convinced me that it's not the car that has rekindled the fires of love in your heart. I'm sure he'd think it was the car, too. Isn't it?

Swopping names

"I AM 16 years old. Each week I go to the local dance, and one night a boy danced with me a lot. He told me all about himself and also his name, but I didn't tell him mine. Now when I see him at a dance he is not as nice as he was at first. Should I have told him? Please tell me what I can do. Also, they have a Ladies' Choice dance always. Would it be all right to ask him for it one night?"

"Not Sure," Qld.

I think it would be a good idea to ask him for the Ladies' Choice. And when you're dancing tell him your name.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

KNOW YOUR ETIQUETTE

GIVING PRESENTS

SHOULD A GIRL GIVE PRESENTS?

THIS is a very touchy subject. Although everyone loves to be given presents, most boys resent being showered with gifts, because they feel that the girl is becoming too possessive. If you've known the boy for six months or so it's perfectly correct to buy him a present for his birthday or for Christmas. Make sure you do not embarrass him by making your present too expensive—he'll feel obliged to give you a gift equally as expensive, even if he can't afford it.

WHEN SHOULD A BOY GIVE PRESENTS?

CHOCOLATES, flowers, records, or books are the accepted and acceptable gifts from a boy to a girl. These gifts can be given for birthdays, Christmas, or, best of all, for no reason at all.

WHAT GIFTS CAN'T BE ACCEPTED?

IN a casual relationship, gifts such as money, jewellery, underwear, or expensive perfume should never be accepted by a girl. If they are sent to her by mail, the accepted thing to do is to return them immediately with a short but courteous note explaining that she is unable to accept such an expensive gift.

When a young couple are engaged or going steady, more expensive presents are acceptable.



WELL-GROOMED groom Jocelyn French, 19, with Cloud, one of the horses she looks after during her work as polo pony "beautician."

She's tops at grooming-horses

By PENNY FORD

● Jocelyn French, 19, has been a storekeeper, secretary, mother's help, stock-rider, house-keeper, and now she's grooming polo ponies.

PETITE and blonde, Jocelyn lived in Sydney for 17 years, but the bright lights hold no attraction for her.

After she finished her Leaving Certificate at Presbyterian Ladies' College, Pymble, one of Sydney's leading schools, Jocelyn started work in a city office and took a secretarial course at night.

"Then one day Barbara Crick, a friend, rang me, and it all started. She'd seen an advertisement for polo-pony grooms. We answered and got the job," said Jocelyn.

Both Barbara and Jocelyn had owned horses since they were about nine, so they knew quite a lot about grooming.

"Never bored"

The job was at "Ruvigne," a property at Gunnedah, N.S.W., and their employer was Mr. Jim Thompson, president of the Gunnedah Polo Club.

But didn't they ever get bored? "There was no time for that," Jocelyn said quickly. "We were up at 7 a.m. (it was supposed to be half-past six) to feed the horses. Then we'd have our own breakfast."

"Back at 8.30 to groom the nine ponies, first with a hard brush, then a soft one. Then exercise — each horse had 10 miles a day. Sometimes we'd ride one horse each and lead three; when we felt energetic we'd ride them all in turn."

"After lunch, for both us and the horses, we'd clean the saddles, bridles, and legging equipment. There were

two of everything for each horse, so it was quite a job."

That was their routine work. Highlights were the polo carnivals, almost every weekend. "We'd stay in hotels, go to parties every night, and watch the play during the day. We still had work to do, of course, and started at 5 a.m. each day," said Jocelyn.

And what about pay? "We each got £8, plus keep," she said. "It doesn't sound a lot, but there's literally nothing to spend it on in the country. And we were escorted everywhere at carnival time."

When Mr. Thompson broke his shoulder and was unable to play any more polo that season, they left for comparatively nearby Tambar Springs, where they got a job as "mother's helps" looking after three children. Barbara gave up after that and came back to Sydney. But not Jocelyn.

She went on to Muswellbrook, N.S.W., where she did a bit of everything—"Secretarial work, storekeeping, housekeeping, and stockwork—quite a lot of riding," she said.

Mercifully, the Sydney Royal Easter Show was soon after this, so Jocelyn came back to town. She took part in riding events and groomed a horse belonging to Mr. Mick Hooke, from Dungog, N.S.W.

And what of the future? Well, she's working for Mr. Thompson at Gunnedah again this season, which ends in September. She sees Barbara again, too, because her old pony-grooming colleague is working on another property nearby.

"After that we're thinking of going jillarooing in Queensland," Jocelyn said. "Jillarooing? That's the feminine equivalent of jackarooing!"

HOW A U.S. GIRL, 15, SEES US

By MILDRED EDEN

● "I took one look at your school uniforms and wanted to go back home!"

PRETTY Carolyn Worthing, now a Brisbane high-school girl, said the uniforms were the first things that caught her eye when she arrived in Australia from the United States last year.

Carolyn is in Australia with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Worthing, her two brothers, Gary, 19, and Chic, 17, and her younger sister Kathy, aged 11. Carolyn is 15.

"We don't wear uniforms back home and it took a bit of getting used to here," she said recently, "and all those school cases full of books! In America we are given lockers at school where we can keep them."

Carolyn showed me a photo of a typical high school in her home town, St. Paul, Minnesota. One large area was marked off and to me looked like a gigantic hockey field.

"Oh, no," said Carolyn. "That's the students' car park. And this smaller one here is for the teachers. We can get a licence at 15, you know, and practically everyone has a car—every sort, from the latest Cadillac to old, old bombs."

Boys, girls mix

There were large sports fields, too, with baseball diamonds predominating. "A lot of our sport is played indoors because it gets so cold in winter. That's why most schools have large, well-equipped gyms," Carolyn went on.

"We played most of our sport in our gym periods, but we also had an hour, from three till four o'clock in the afternoons, called an 'activity hour.' We chose what we wanted to do in this hour at the beginning of each term — either some sport, like skating, or maybe studying a foreign language."

"You have much more outdoor life in Australia because it's so much warmer. We didn't do much swimming in Minnesota except in the summer vacation."

Carolyn attends the Indooroopilly State High School, and her elder brother studies Economics at the University of Queensland.

I asked Carolyn if she thought American teenagers more self-assured than Australians.

"Well, I hadn't noticed that," she replied.

"If they are, I guess it's partly because of co-education. We have very few schools like your big boarding schools and mostly boys and girls learn to mix without any shyness."

"We have school socials from what



GIRL FROM U.S., Carolyn Worthing, with the family pet, Witch, an Australian terrier, in the garden of her new home in Brisbane.

I think would be your First Year — at about 12. Also, we seem to have more speech classes and debates."

Carolyn told me that a popular pastime of teenagers in the U.S. is ten-pin bowling. "Whole families go to the bowling alleys," she said. "I did a lot of baby-sitting, too, for extra pocket-money. You don't seem to do that as much here."

Do American teenagers have more pocket-money than Australians?

"Well, I would say yes," Carolyn answered. "But we spend a lot more on things like bowling, and another popular game that came in just as we left, the trampoline — you know, those nets that you bounce on. You pay a few cents to bounce for 15 minutes."

On a different subject, Carolyn said: "I wish I could lose some of the weight I've put on here. Australians have more sweet things than we do. Our food is spicier, somehow."

"Speaking of food, one thing I miss at Australian schools is the midday meal. At home we could buy a hot meal at the cafeteria for about 3/-."

Carolyn may be returning to America next year ahead of her family, to go to high school there.

"I don't think I'll have much trouble with the school work when I get back. I'll be behind in some things, like American social studies, but ahead in others."

Carolyn wants to be an air hostess or a model.

"I'm dying to see everybody back in St. Paul," she said. "But I know I'll miss Australia when I've gone."

The best-dressed heads of 1961

THIS WEEK our cover girl is wearing the hairstyle which won this year's Junior Award in the annual competition organised by the Master Hairdressers' Association of N.S.W. The styles below won the awards for each apprenticeship year. All of them show that girls'

hair is growing shorter than ever. The really smart girl, experts say, will soon have her hair tinted a pastel shade and brushed forward into a wispy fringe. Short hair is practical, holds a set better, is easier to keep in trim—and from one cut you can get up to 20 different styles.

AWARD WINNER: Smooth, sweeping lines are the basis of the style on our cover, which won the Junior of the Year Award for 20-year-old Marc Greig, of Kingsgrove, Sydney, pictured with his winning style and his model, Nance Cremen, 19, a secretary, of Bankstown, Sydney. Marc styled the fringe to lie smooth and flat to the side, the top hair teased high and smoothed backwards, and tapering to a point at the side-back. For nightwear, and to highlight the ivory chiffon color, Marc has sprinkled it with red and silver glitter. When Marc finishes his apprenticeship in about eight months he hopes to set up business in New Zealand.



SECOND YEAR: Janice Elgood, 17, of Croydon, Sydney, made her style with a deep-angled side part, waving the hair back and then forward into a soft curl. The fan-shaped fringe sweeps high on the head. The hair was tinted a soft green. Janice wanted to be a hairdresser since she was a little girl and, when she's finished her apprenticeship, would like to travel to Austria to continue her studies. Siegrid Almer, from Edgecliff, modelled the style (above).

THIRD YEAR: Agnes Stanczell, 19, from Kings Cross, Sydney, tinted her model's hair platinum-white, with blue into black tips. The fringe is flat and the sides are brushed forward from the nape of the neck. The middle of the back hair comes forward into the fringe, the tinted tips giving a bird's feather effect. Agnes plans to marry next Christmas and will travel for a few months to South Africa and Italy. Her model was her regular client, Gail Bibby (right), a schoolteacher, who also lives at "The Cross".



FIRST YEAR: 18-year-old Margo Voorwinde, of North Sydney, adapted her style from French magazines. The hair color is dark brown with blue to mauve streaks. The side hair comes forward and fans out on the cheeks. The fringe is brushed forward from the nape of the neck. Margo, who came from Holland 10 years ago, wanted to be a veterinary surgeon, but went to work in her father's Sydney hairdressing salon instead. Her model (above) was her friend Diane Oliver, 16, from Como, N.S.W., who's a hairdresser, too.



THE MOST UNKIND CUD OF ALL!

● An eminent Australian sees the day when people instead of cattle will eat grass — and thereby hangs a tail; sorry, a tale.

THE man who pictures this new way for a human to have his or her chlorophyll is the retiring chief engineer of the Sydney Water Board (Mr. T. B. Nichol).

At his official farewell, Mr. Nichol said he agreed with scientists' views that population increases would leave practically "standing room only" in the world.

Allowing cattle to eat grass and then eating the cattle would not be economical then. People would have to eat the grass, suitably treated for human food, and save the space taken up by cattle, he said.

You are asking what all this, interesting though it is, has to do with teenagers—particularly girls?

Aha, quite a lot. Milking Mr. Nichol's statement for the last drop, I see many significant changes in the future.

For a start, if cows have to go, so, too, will other animals and creatures.

What, then, will happen to crocodile-skin handbags, lizard-skin shoes, all the furs — beaver, fox, mink, etc.?

Guess girls will just have to shed crocodile tears about handbags, get snaky about shoes — and make coats out of Russians called Kolinsky!

Remember, too, that there will be no "wolves" and no lovebirds — so, logically, there'll be no billing and cooing!

There hardly could be those things any more, of course—when you consider that animal magnetism will naturally have gone the way of all flesh.

Dinner-dates, under the new set-up, will be "fun," won't they? There'll only be truly salad days of braised buffalo runners and casserole kikuyu.

Of course, chefs could dress these up and serve dishes, exotically named, such as pate de fois grass!

And, by the way, the business, mentioned by Mr. Nichol, about "standing room only" in the world of the future . . .

This, of course, could mean that boys will no longer have to stand up for girls; everyone, obviously, would have to stand on their own two feet.

On the other hand (or foot?), the worm won't be able to turn if things are so crowded.

And no bloke could, under the suggested circumstances, ask a lass to "sit out" a dance.

Don't forget, though, there'd be a reduced number of dance steps. Foxtrots, barn dances, etc., would have died out with the animals.

A pretty grim picture, girls, of the future?

From what Mr. Nichol said, I reckon you will have to worry about the problem—until the cows come home!

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE — with Kirsten Ward

Champagne breakfast with Johnny O'Keefe

● Johnny O'Keefe — the wild, energetic, devil-may-care boy — has calmed down. Johnny says he's grown up over the past tumultuous year. His car smash, trip abroad, and many personal problems had taught him a lot, he said.

WHY not talk about it over breakfast?" Johnny suggested. "We'll have champagne and Eggs Benedict. The champagne breakfast is a custom I found in London, and the Eggs Benedict I discovered in New Orleans."

So we did.

Johnny's aintin' high. He's working on a new teen show for TV and hopes to get it on the air sometime in August. "I don't want to say too much about it," he said. "I don't want to send my men into space before I'm sure I can land them."

He's also working on plans to bring overseas artists to Australia for a TV series, plus lots of records . . . soon.

"Nothing's certain yet," he said. "I'd rather not do a show than do it half-baked. That applies to anything. For instance, I've been working on my new song, 'I'm Counting on You,' for six months. Now it's just about ready."

One thing Johnny has done recently is to form a new publishing company. He called it Victoria Music after his seven-month-old daughter.

"Don't worry"

We talked about world problems ("I'd like to run the world . . . I reckon I could fix things."), show business, and psychiatry.

He's taking a special interest in the last since his own breakdown recently. "Now," he said, "I live by principles which boil down to believing in yourself and not worrying too much about anything."

Johnny may be taking life more seriously now, but he's still dynamite.

All the controversy and excitement of his flash to fame are bottled up in his recent Leedon LP, "I'm Still Alive." The title, as the print on the back of the record says, could well be his motto and his challenge.

It had been an interesting breakfast with the champagne and all, and Johnny ended it in true theatrical style. He picked a pink carnation from a nearby table and gave it to me.

HAND-IN-HAND and stopping occasionally to look at the rings that go on the third finger of the left hand, Ray Melton and a pretty blonde (a bit like a teenage Claudette Colbert) were spotted in a Sydney street.

He's known her for about two years and they've been dating steadily for a couple of months. More I'm not telling.

Ray went down to see Festival the other day with a bundle of songs and music. They're deciding on one for a new single, and there's an LP on the way, too. And, to top it off, Ray says he's been promised his own television show next year, but he's not yet building TV castles in the air.

Local talent: While Johnny O'Keefe seems to be sitting back a bit, Col Joye is shooting ahead. He's the biggest in Australia just now, and he gets sacks full of fan mail from all over the world.

Col's latest disc, "Me and My Gal" (Festival 45), isn't bad, but I can't help feeling that if old well-loved melodies are to be revived they'll have to be better than this.

TASMANIAN Kevin Shegog hasn't exactly exploded into popularity, but his Aussie country-style ballads have been around for a few years. He brings four of his best together on a W. & G. EP, among them the jaunty "Little Kangaroo."

Pops: There's a new sound for the old "Dinah" put across by the **Rose Murphy Trio** (Festival 45) — and this one's cute and smart. My mother was enchanted, said she'd buy it. Rose Murphy is notoriously a bit naughty, but "Dinah" can't offend.

ANOTHER winner to **Andy Stewart** (his "Scottish Soldier" won a silver disc, the highest award in the British Isles) is "The Battle's O'er." Guaranteed to set you tapping. (Top Rank 45.)

TALKING of battles, **Frank Ifield's** having an interesting one in England. His new single, "Life's a Holiday," is catching on fast, but is up against American opposition — Jerry Wallace sings it, too.

Someone who was in the Army with Frank back in '58

tells of the time Frank short-sheeted a bed, thinking it would be used by a friend. As it happened it was a visiting major from Army Intelligence HQ who had trouble getting into his bed that night!

"LOLA WANTS YOU," introducing **Lola Albright** (on W & G LP), has the smooth, sultry shades of Julie London.

WORTH mentioning out of a batch of rather dull singles is an American girl, baby-voiced **Jamie Horton**, whose success hasn't been more than so-so, if that. But she made me stop and listen to "Yes, I'll Love You," and to the rocker on the flip, "When It Comes to Love" (W & G 45).

Jazz: "That Happy Dixieland Jazz," with **Jimmy McPartland** and His Dixie-landers (RCA LP), is a jaunty gem for dixie fans, and it might make some more.

"MR. BONGO (Jack Cos-tanzo) and his Afro-Cuban Band (G.N.P. LP) is wild, intoxicating, terrific.

Opera: **Kenneth McKellar** sings famous "Handel Songs and Arias" (Decca LP). Need anything more be said? A special.

COL JOYE has a mammoth job reading his fan-mail each week—answers all letters with the help of two secretaries.



JOHNNY O'KEEFE . . . he's still dynamite.

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Piano sonatas

ONE of the most interesting record releases of recent weeks is R.C.A.'s Red Seal disc of two Beethoven piano sonatas—the "Funeral March" and the "Appassionata" — played by Svyatoslav Richter.

Generally, this feature has more to say about the music on a record (which is, after all, the important thing) than about the performer, but in this instance the performer demands attention.

Soviet pianist Richter was for a long time something of a mystery man. He was rumored to be a phenomenal player, but it was a long time before his records began to appear in any quantity and longer still before he himself played in Western capitals. Although his name was hardly known in the West five years ago, critics are hailing him now as one of the greatest living pianists.

This record, which brackets one of the most original and characteristic of Beethoven's earlier sonatas with one of the most powerful of his "middle period" works, certainly ranks Richter high among Beethoven interpreters, past and present. It is a record to treasure.

—Martin Long



TEENA *lilla terry*



Sandra

THE MYSTERY of Paula Schley's bangle has been cleared up, and Paula has left Major Scott's to try for a career in films. Meanwhile, Sandra has been worrying about her quarrel with Gerald after he suggested their engagement should be kept a secret. NOW READ ON...

by Bill Sawyer

